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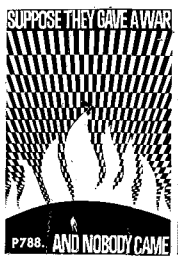

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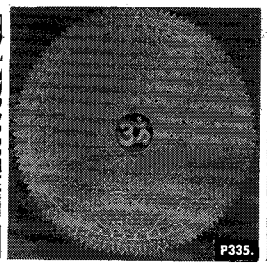
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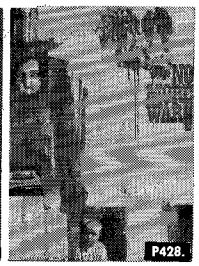
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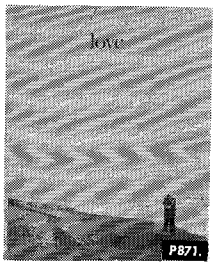

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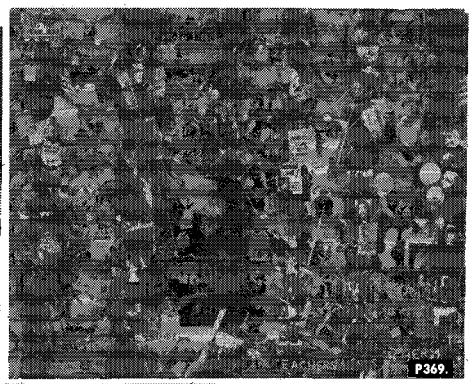
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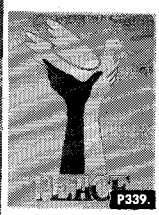
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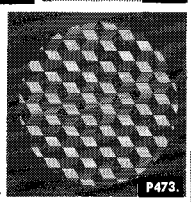
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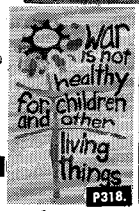

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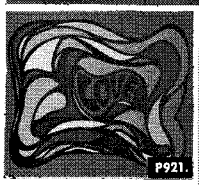
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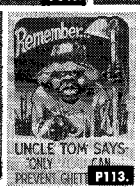

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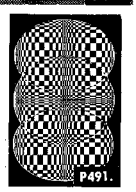
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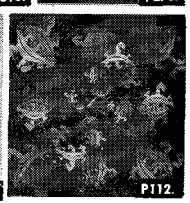
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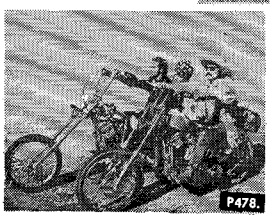
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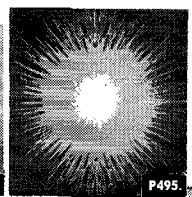
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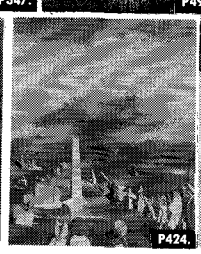
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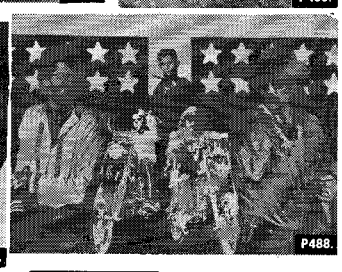
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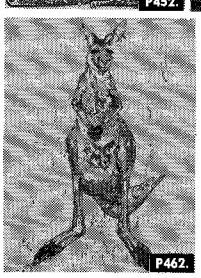
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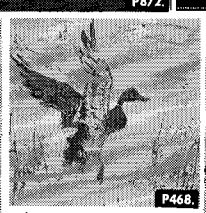
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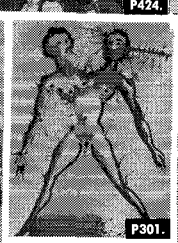
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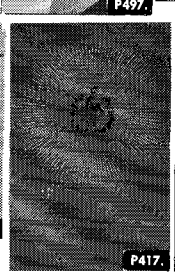
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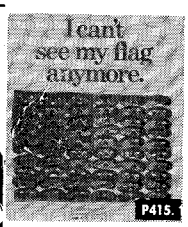

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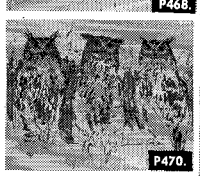
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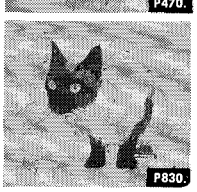
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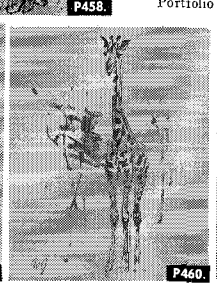
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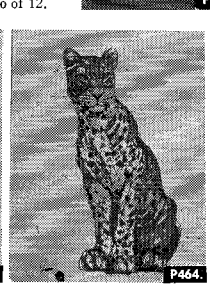
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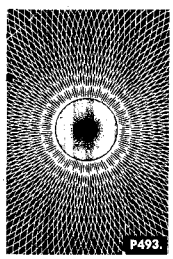
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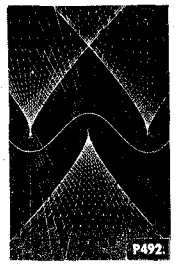

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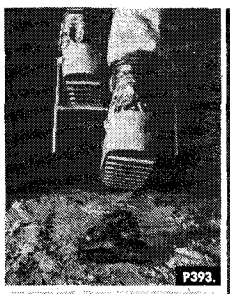

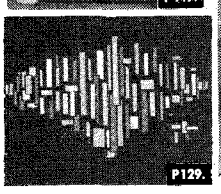

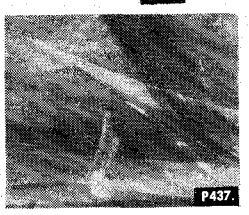

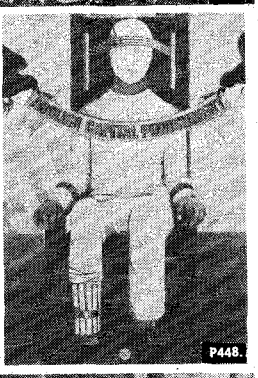

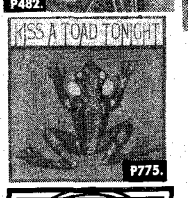

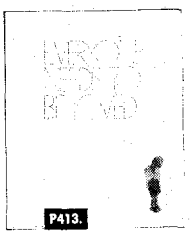

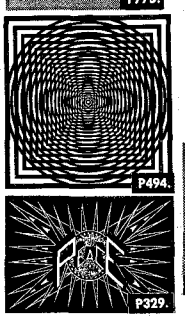

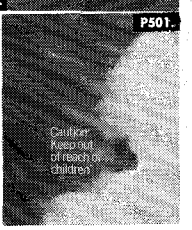

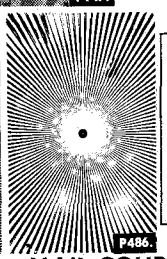

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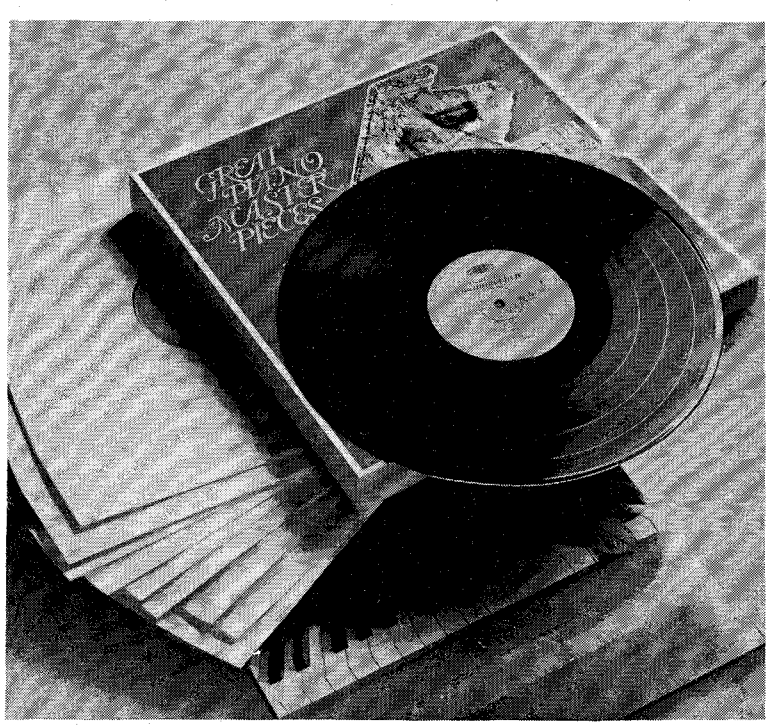

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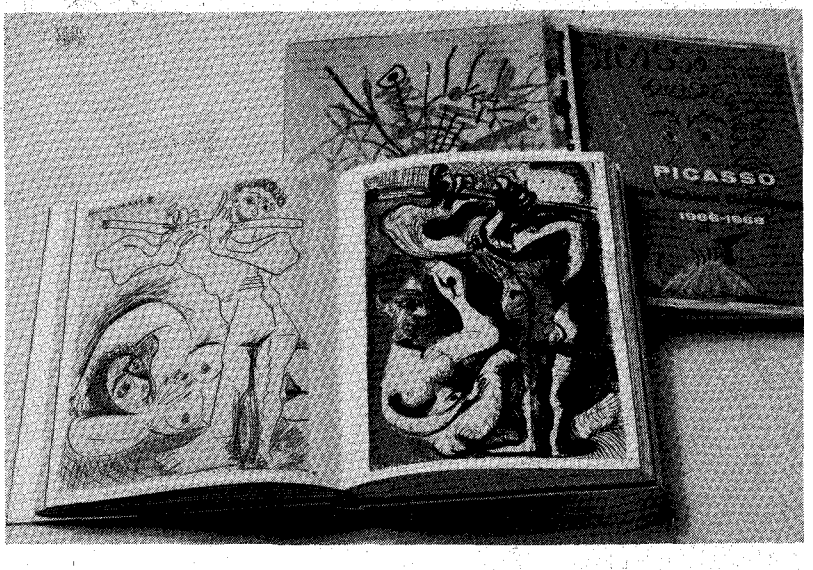

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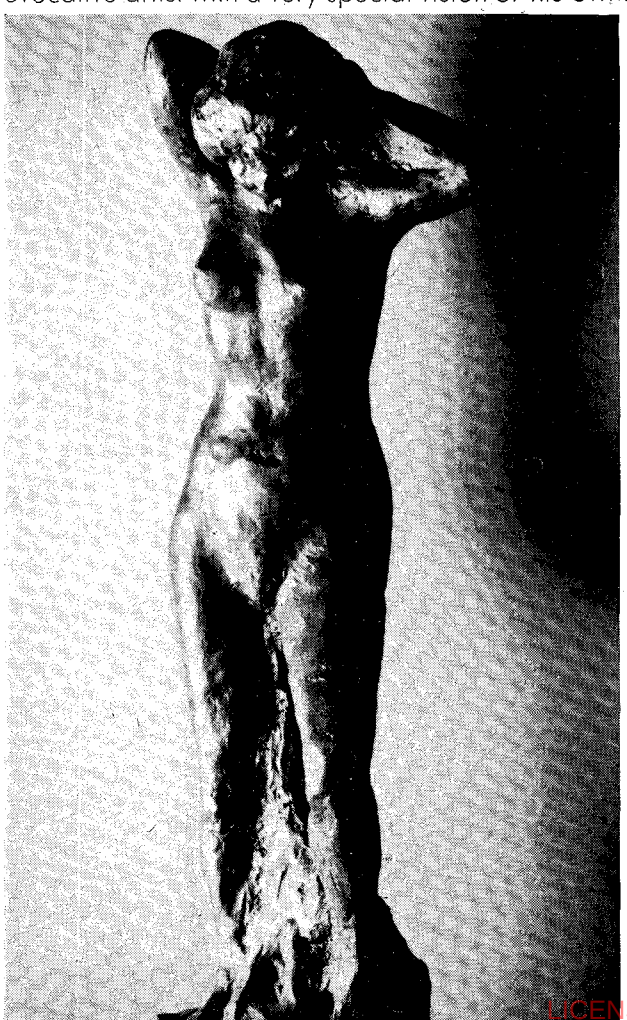

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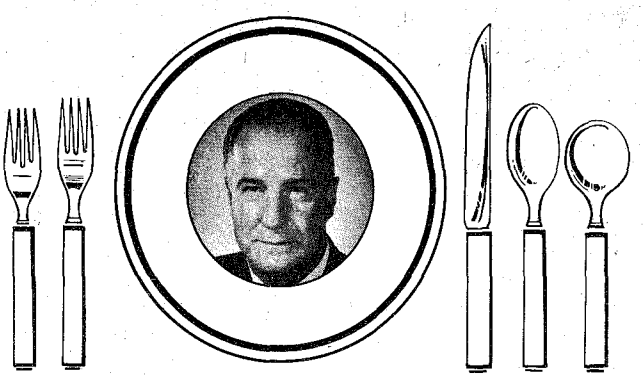

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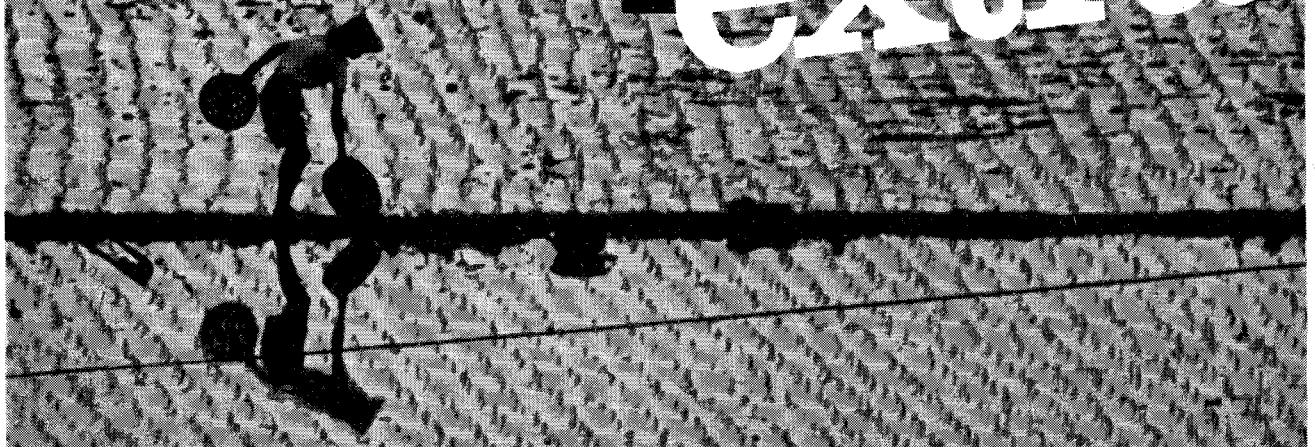

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Just Fine

Prior to Mr. Nixon's television talk last week tension had become extraordinary here. Angry voices rose from Congress against any extension of the war. On the other hand, high Pentagon officials told journalistic groups that this was a golden opportunity to get rid of the Communists' sanctuaries in the small country where Prince Sihanouk formerly walked the tightrope. Then came news that a small batch of captured Chinese automatic rifles was being sent in to the Cambodians. Only a ridiculously small batch. And next day this was amplified: the US was sending in military advisers, tactical bombers and logistics assistance for a "major" South Vietnamese strike into Cambodia.

Precisely 10 days before that Mr. Nixon told the nation on TV how well Vietnam was going. It sounded like Lyndon Johnson. The "arrogant" enemy still insisted, he said, on impossible terms but we would never accept "humiliation and defeat."

Mr. Nixon's voice grew inspired. There was the example, he said, of the astronauts to give us faith and confidence. Their lives, thank God, had been spared. Mr. Nixon made an awkward gesture to the 100 or more GIs whose lives, each week alas, aren't spared. But the big thing was that we are winning – "we finally have in sight the just peace we are seeking." And he praised us for our fortitude in a paragraph which for bathos will not be equaled for some time: "When men write the history of this nation they will record that no people in the annals of time made greater sacrifices in a more selfless cause than the American people. . . ." In the "annals of time." That is a long while.

We wandered over to the White House last week prior to all this. Spring settled on the city like a lovely languor. It was gay and lively. Sixteen buses, end to end, Trailways, Greyhound and DC Transit, ran the whole width of Lafayette Park. Eager tourists snapped the White House. They have roped the sidewalk now alongside Pennsylvania Avenue – a red cable in plastic. We looked around and, sure enough, there was a protester with sandwich board marching quietly back and forth with his woes on his back. He saw us watching and paused politely so we could read his sign. But we didn't. He was just part of the scene. What plea? Who knows! Somebody has marched there for 50 years.

We hoped to learn something about Cambodia. Or maybe about the stock market. Mr. Nixon is doing a fine job slowing down inflation. He has raised interest rates to all-time peaks and increased unemployment one percent, and helped to produce a stock market slide that has squeezed out an estimated $200 billion in paper values from Wall Street since 1968. That should slow down inflation! All the Administration economic advisers say so. Ultimately things will stabilize, of course, and, even today, you can see hopeful signs; things are getting worse more slowly.

There is a fine new press room in the White House where the swimming pool used to be, over on the executive side, and we were glad to look it over. It is quite impressive and opulent with deep piled brown carpets and beige drapes and Chesterfield sofas in suede leather and kind of Nixon-Hilton ambience. Very chaste.

It was time for press secretary Ronald Ziegler to come out and give his twice-a-day report from Mr. Nixon. Two men appeared carrying a preacher's pulpit, wired for sound. Then they went to the rear and suddenly folded down a kind of daybed out of the wall, padded and upholstered like the carpet, which made a platform, and then they put the pulpit-lectern on that. It shook us, but we tried not to show it. After a while Ron Ziegler came in and said no, the stock market was "not the focus of the meeting" which the President had had that morning with his economic advisers and, no, "I have nothing to report on that subject (Cambodia) and no information to give you beyond what you have already been given." He said that aid to Cambodia was "still under consideration."

It was nice to have a new press room even though there was no news in it. Seven veteran correspondents were recently dined by Mr. Nixon and honored with the Medal of Freedom, including Adela Rogers St. John. (We have a guilty feeling that we ought to know more about Adela.) Anyway, the journalistic group were mostly septuagenarians or older and they could doubtless all remember the days of Franklin Roosevelt, and that he had two press conferences a week as a regular schedule.

Mr. Nixon has had two press conferences so far this year. We had supposed that the White House press conference was pretty well fastened into the machinery of American democracy, not merely as a source of news but as a way of letting the President know, face to face, "what's on the public's mind," as Truman put it. It is (or was) a two-way affair, giving the President a window out in his terrible isolation. The press wants to know how the President looks, how he reacts, how he feels in the regular, renewed revelation of his manner and mood. Everything centers around the President in our remarkable, Queen Bee democracy.

The Cambodia crisis illustrates this. Lacking direct access to Mr. Nixon, reporters get their information not in leaks but in a kind of steady news ooze. Some people get in to see him, of course; Richard Wilson has just been in for *Look* (May 5). He brings out encouraging news; everything is going just fine – the economy, Vietnamization ("better than originally expected"), the war. "He is not concerned by temporary adverse public reactions," says Wilson, who sounds as respectful as Jack Valenti talking about Lyndon Johnson.

What is hard to square with this is Mr. Nixon's "wild, impulsive journey" to Houston and Honolulu, as Robert Semple of *The New York Times* puts it, to greet the astronauts. Or his sudden lashing attack on the Senate for rejecting Judge Carswell. ("It is difficult – it is, in fact, impossible – to recall any Presidential statement in this century," wrote Richard Rovere in the *New Yorker*, "as intemperate and as divisive . . .")

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Cambodia To Doomsday

The President has wantonly inflicted foreign invasion on Cambodians who were already suffering the horrors of ethnic massacres and civil war. The American bombers, helicopters, artillery and technicians were ordered across the Cambodian border on April 29 by Mr. Nixon at the request, so the Administration says, of Saigon – not of the Cambodian government, which at once protested. Thus only a few days after the President and Secretary of State Rogers publicly deplored "aggression" against Cambodia and violation of its frontiers and sovereignty by the North Vietnamese, they were doing exactly the same thing themselves. This was throwing mud in the faces of the Cambodians; of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which with near-unamimity had just let Mr. Rogers know in unmistakable terms that it strongly opposed American participation in the Cambodian fighting; and of America's Asian allies, whom President Nixon recently praised and wooed in his State-of-the-World report to Congress. The Foreign Minister of Indonesia, Adam Malik, had issued invitations to an international conference to discuss Cambodia, to be held on May 12, and Indonesia and Australia had announced they opposed arms being sent to Cambodia at least until after that date, because in Malik's words, "the projected meeting is intended to prevent foreign intervention."

In Cambodia itself, before Mr. Nixon's and President Thieu's invasion, fears had eased that North Vietnamese troops intended to launch out from their Cambodian sanctuary and attempt to take over the country. But of course the April 29 incursion by Americans and South Vietnamese could change that picture drastically. Prince Sihanouk, the deposed ruler of Cambodia, had already sought alliance with Hanoi and the Pathet Lao in Laos, to get back into power with their help and with the official blessing of both Moscow and Peking. Mr. Nixon's "surgical strike" to "clean out a pocket" of North Vietnamese in Cambodia is most unlikely to achieve the intended object – that sort of thing has been tried often enough before, though never on invasion scale. The North Vietnamese or Vietcong will fight where they must but otherwise will melt away into the jungles – quite possibly slipping back across the border into South Vietnam itself. The invasion forces will suffer the usual disconcerting losses from mines and booby traps before retiring. There will be brisk body counts, but

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somehow or other, when it's all over there will be as many or more North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops as before. And that is only in the "pocket" of the Cambodian "Parrot's Beak" that juts into South Vietnamese territory. What will be happening in the rest of Cambodia could be quite a different kettle of fish. There is nothing like foreign invasion to fire the blood and stir up patriotic feeling. Prince Sihanouk has issued a call to Cambodian volunteers for an "army of liberation." He was damning the Americans before his rival, Premier Lon Nol, was pushed into similar denunciation by Mr. Nixon's rash blunder. The Chinese, too, had warned Washington of dire consequences if it intervened in Cambodia. The moment the invasion occurred there were immediate stories of Chinese civilians as well as Vietnamese being butchered in Cambodia. Of course it will be argued that China has nothing to fear from us, and it's nonsense to call the Cambodia operation an invasion; the risks remain.

China may well view this latest escalation as another proof of an American plot against it. The attack follows close on the visit to the White House by the Nationalist Chinese leader Chiang Ching-kuo, whose forces on Taiwan were last year secretly refurbished by the Pentagon with $157 million of "discount" military supplies. Mr. Nixon will find that he cannot earn a reputation for duplicity among US senators, including members of his own party, without hostile foreigners like the Chinese drawing their own suspicious conclusions about his intentions toward them. By rushing American forces into Cambodia, allegedly to guard an American flank in South Vietnam, the President has actually created a threat that American forces in Indo-China – Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia – will face hordes of Chinese "volunteers," as in the Korean War. It is the height of understatement to say that this would be a ruinous blow to an Administration which promised to end the war. "If the purpose is to protect our troops on the Cambodian border," Senator Mansfield said last week, "the best way is to pull them out and let South Vietnam handle it." Instead, the Commander-in-Chief chose to listen to military advice that here was his heaven-sent chance to hit an over-extended foe.

So the 10-year-old cycle begins again: send advisers and "logistic support," finally troops, into a small Asian country; lay it waste, lose many American and Asian lives, and have nothing good to show for it all; then rather than getting out, heed those who say "Get in" – into a second war in another small Asian country, so as to protect the American troops still fighting in the first one. As the final "sanctuary" in this chain of progression looks like being China, the last link in the chain of fatal logic would be the unleashing of Chiang Ching-kuo from his Taiwan cage on the Chinese mainland, in order to "protect" the "free world forces" in Cambodia. And so on – to Doomsday, unless the President changes his advisers, or the Congress says finally, firmly, flatly – "No."

Who's Irresponsible?

Fire Kingman Brewster, impeach William O. Douglas. The hunt is up, the new McCarthyism led by Vice President Agnew in full cry. Agnew accuses Yale's president of lacking maturity and responsibility – clearly a case of guilt transference. He says the "alumni of that fine old college" should demand that Brewster go. Confessed skeptics are condemned heretics, and Brewster is "skeptical of the ability of black revolutionaries to achieve a fair trial anywhere in the United States." That statement was prompted of course by the trial of Black Panthers in a courthouse adjoining the Yale campus, and the students' reaction to it, but Brewster was neither condoning strife and violence on campus or off, nor maintaining the accused Panthers innocent of murder and kidnapping. "Doing anything to inflame the community would be the worst possible service to the defendants," he said, and urged critical discussion, informed analysis and serious debate about the issues the trial raises.

Brewster's remarks have provoked reasoned dissent by Professor Eugene Rostow of the Yale Law School, and others, as well as Agnew's unreason. Professor Rostow deems it "intellectually and morally wrong to charge that no black man can get a fair trial in American courts today," but Brewster made no such charge; he was talking quite specifically about black revolutionaries, and he said his doubts were in large part created by "police actions and prosecutions against the Panthers in many parts of the country." It was stated at the time of the Chicago shoot-out last December, when police killed three Panthers, that law enforcement agencies had decided to ride very roughshod over the Panthers, seeing them the way Agnew does as "an organization dedicated to criminal violence, anarchy and the destruction of the United States." Those, like *The Washington Post*, who argue that the New Haven trial will be subject to review by "courts of appeal sitting in greater calm and detachment than is possible for the trial court" are in effect conceding Brewster's point. Two years ago, the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorders reported that "white racism is essentially responsible for the explosive mixture which has been accumulating." The report, Tom Wicker wrote at the time, "makes plain that white, moderate, responsible America is where the trouble lies." White racism still flourishes and feeds on the black revolutionaries' racism. That is the problem and the situation the president of Yale was seeking to define, and the Vice President of the United States characteristically seized on what was essentially a moderate and thoughtful appraisal of the extent of the fire damage, to pour gasoline on the flames. It is precisely that kind of disparagement of dissent that Brewster says drives "considerate radicals, potentially constructive critics, into the ranks of the enraged destructivists."

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The Nixon Watch

Ins and Outs

Things that have never happened before at the Nixon White House kept happening last week and the President's people kept saying that it didn't mean anything. Privately and in public, his assistants and spokesmen were edgy, more sensitive than they have previously appeared to be. James Keogh, chief of the White House writing staff, rebuked *The Washington Post* in a published letter for a minor misquotation of the President. Mr. Nixon, who has taken unabashed pleasure in the luxuries of the Presidency, directed the Secretary of Defense to sell two of the three Presidential yachts. Printed reports, including mine, that Mr. Nixon lately has acted at times on impulse, in alternating moods of anger and euphoria, were said on the highest authority short of the President himself to be inaccurate and outrageous. Mrs. Nixon's remark at a White House reception that her husband's trans-Pacific trip in honor of the Apollo astronauts had "wound him up" was not corrected, but the official line remained that nothing ever winds up Richard Nixon. While he pondered how and how far to act upon his declared view that a Communist take-over of Cambodia would endanger American forces in Vietnam and his hopes of reducing their role and numbers, he postponed three scheduled meetings of the National Security Council, one after the other. It could not be denied that this was unprecedented, but it was said for him that he continues to rely, in the same old steady and cautious way, upon "the NSC process" in arriving at important decisions and pronouncements on foreign policy.

The variations from the previous norm were interesting because they occurred and because Nixon is Nixon. It was said on his behalf, and rightly, that if his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson, had reacted with no more discernible quivers than the incumbent President has in times of unusual pressure, Mr. Johnson would have been thought to be seriously off his feed. The assistant who made this point also advised me to skip the variations for a while and pay attention to some of the other things, more in keeping with the familiar Nixon, that have been going on recently at the White House. That was good advice, and I herewith follow it.

One of the nicer things was what almost happened to Richard D. Blumenthal, aged 24, late of Harvard, an independent Democrat of liberal mind who came to the White House staff last year with Counselor Daniel P. Moynihan. Mr. Nixon almost nominated him to be the director of Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA), and the President may do it yet. Dick Blumenthal is bright, handsome, attuned to his generation as very few others at the White House are. VISTA is a division of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and when former Congressman Donald Rumsfeld took over that agency last year Blumenthal was assigned to help him at the White House. VISTA, a kind of domestic Peace Corps which has some 5000 low-paid volunteers at rehabilitation work in ghettos and other depressed neighborhoods, was in need of a new director. William Ford, a Michigan Negro, didn't care for the atmosphere of Nixon's Washington and embarrassed the Administration by declining the appointment after it had been publicly offered him. Rumsfeld, impressed by Blumenthal's abilities, then went about suggesting him to the President in a way that tells a good deal about the Nixon White House. John D. Ehrlichman, the Assistant for Domestic Affairs, asked some 15 other assistants of all ranks for their opinions of Blumenthal. Most of them approved, although a couple of them considered him too young and too liberal. Attorney General Mitchell, who had taped Blumenthal as a potentially dangerous radical, was won over in a personal talk with him. Only then was the idea mentioned to Mr. Nixon. He was said to be enthusiastic, recognizing as did others involved that the appointment would be a refreshing departure from the rather drab Nixon style. But Rumsfeld, complying with the cautious technique devised for Presidential choices, did not then recommend the Blumenthal appointment in a way that would require final approval. Blumenthal was unconventionally young, he had no administrative experience, and the anti-poverty agency was in trouble with Congress. So Blumenthal was instructed to clear himself with certain doubtful Senators who would have to confirm the nomination. This he did. Then another, at least temporarily decisive, obstacle was discovered. Blumenthal had an occupational deferment from the draft, the President was about to recommend the abolition of all such deferments, and Rumsfeld barred them by executive order in his own agency. Blumenthal gave up, enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, and will complete a six-months training period this fall. The word at the White House and at OEO is that he has a standing invitation to come back and take the VISTA directorship. That was not his understanding when he left and it still is not the impression of some of his friends in Washington. Their impression was and is that "the climate wasn't right" for such an appointment, and they will be pleasantly surprised if Rumsfeld and Nixon prove them wrong.

Things also have been happening to Harry Dent of South Carolina, one of the President's four Special Counsels and, by designation last year, Mr. Nixon's political coordinator. Murray M. Chotiner of California, a Nixon friend and associate from the President's early years in politics, moved in with Dent and with the co-equal status of Special Counsel early this year. Chotiner said the other day that he now has the responsibility for servicing the needs of congressmen, Republican politicians and state and county officials in 31 states and that Harry Dent has similar responsi-

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bilities in 19 states, mostly in the South. This arithmetic could suggest that Harry Dent has been substantially downgraded. Both Dent and Chotiner say in different ways that this is not the fact. "I'm still responsible for all political liaison," Dent says. "Murray doesn't work totally in this area, and when he does he coordinates with me. I still have the total responsibility for the whole thing." Chotiner speaks of his 31 states as though they were pretty much his own, but he agrees that he keeps in touch with Dent and he says for the record, "I have seen and observed nothing to indicate any loss of footing in any manner whatsoever so far as Harry Dent is concerned." Chotiner also says that he had practically nothing to do with the frantic White House efforts to get Judge G. Harrold Carswell confirmed for the Supreme Court, and nothing whatever to do with the embarrassing imbroglio that attended Judge Carswell's resignation from the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals and candidacy for the Republican nomination for Senator from Florida. "Florida," Chotiner says with great contentment, "is one of Harry's states."

Another Special Counsel who has had his troubles is Clark Mollenhoff, a lawyer and investigative reporter who was installed at the White House last fall and charged with preserving the Nixon Administration from preventable sin. Mollenhoff, an enthusiastic talker with a high and well-earned opinion of himself, volunteered to a group of reporters not long ago the interesting information that he is authorized by the President to call for and inspect the tax returns of anybody in the United States. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee and other legislators called in Treasury officials to explain and, if they could, justify what seemed to them to be an alarming grant of authority to a White House prober. What most disturbed them and many of Mollenhoff's former colleagues in journalism was the picture of him as a totally independent operator, under no check whatever except the little that might be provided by a busy President. The facts are that Mollenhoff reports to the President and gets his directions from the President through Mr. Nixon's administrative chief, H. R. Haldeman, and that Haldeman keeps track of what Mollenhoff is doing at all times. Why the White House spokesmen didn't still the Mollenhoff storm by saying as much is something of a mystery. "You mean," one of Haldeman's senior associates said when this was suggested, "that Bob Haldeman would be considered more dependable than Clark Mollenhoff?" That may be so, but it is not the point. The point is that senators and citizens generally would prefer to believe that there is some check upon the investigative powers of a Presidential assistant charged with Mollenhoff's duties. But it's the kind of point that is overlooked more often than one might suppose at the cautious and orderly Nixon White House.

John Osborne

Laotian Tragedy

The Long March

Vientiane

After twenty years of sporadic, semi-secret warfare, Laos has a serious refugee problem. At least half the population of three million has been displaced by the fighting, according to government officials in Vientiane. At least 180,000 are living in "refugee villages."

At the end of 1968, American bombers were diverted from North Vietnam to Laos and began systematically depopulating Pathet Lao-controlled territory. Air strikes were no longer limited to the network of North Vietnamese supply routes twisting through the sparsely inhabited mountains of eastern Laos on their way to South Vietnam (the "Ho Chi Minh trail"), nor confined to "combat support missions," as President Nixon would have it. Everything that stood and was not controlled by the government became a target. Tribesmen and peasants began to flee to the relative safety of the government-controlled lowlands. The US Embassy, having persuaded itself that the people were escaping "Communist terrorism," was enthusiastic about this "voting-with-the-feet." Yet it was not – and is not yet – eager to advertise the refugee situation.

In mid-1969 air strikes were escalated to their present high level of 15,000 sorties a month. In support of a secrecy-shrouded offensive by the CIA-financed "Clandestine Army" of Meo mercenaries, the US carried out a saturation bombing campaign on the Pathet Lao-controlled Plain of Jars in northeastern Laos. After seizing the Plain, the Clandestine Army rounded up the inhabitants, culled out the prosperous farmers and merchants – the main contributors to Pathet Lao tax coffers – and shipped them to the Vientiane lowlands. The poor peasants were allowed to remain behind, not in their original homes, which had been reduced to rubble by the bombing, but in the "refugee villages."

I asked a young man what happened when the Clandestine Army took over his village. "The soldiers gathered us together," he said. "They told us we had one hour to leave. We didn't know where we were going. The soldiers took whatever they wanted from our houses, and then they burned the village down. An officer told us that if anyone asked, we should say we were escaping from the Communists. We walked 20 miles to an airstrip, and then American planes brought us here. I was lucky. I'm half-Chinese, so they didn't make me join the army. The Lao boys were drafted right there. I haven't seen them since."

When the dry season came at the end of last year, intelligence reports indicated that the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao were planning a counter-offensive to recapture the Plain of Jars. No one believed

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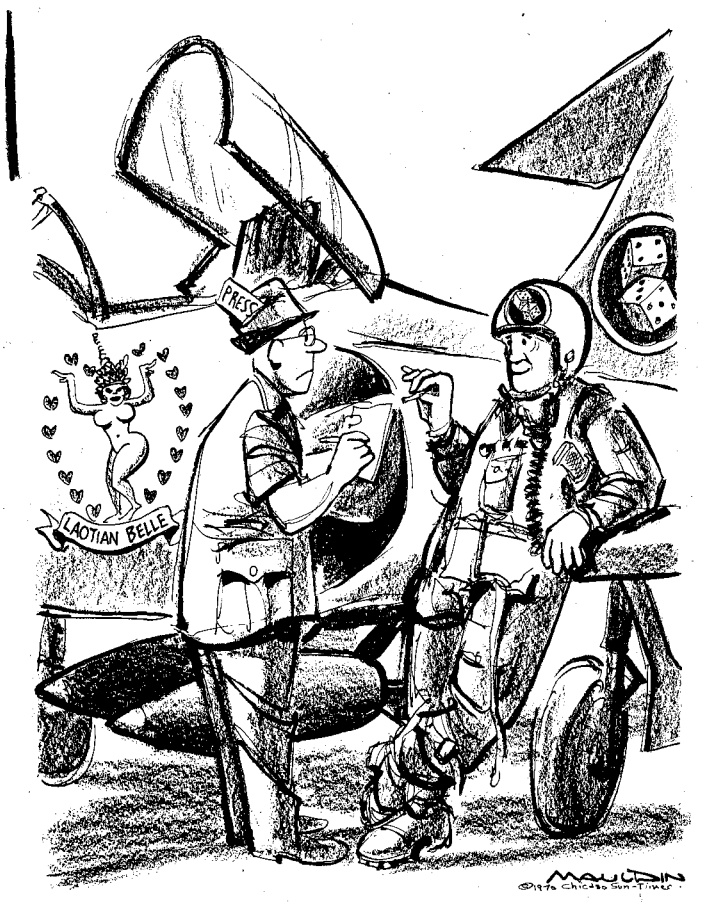
that the rag-tag Clandestine Army could hold off a determined Communist advance, but the US Embassy here wanted two guarantees: that the peasant-refugees – indispensable producers of rice – would not again be available to benefit the Pathet Lao; and that American bombers would have a free hand to pound the oncoming troops. So it was decided to evacuate all civilians from the Plain of Jars.

Between February 5 and 11, some 15,000 bedraggled Laotian peasants were loaded onto Air American cargo planes and shipped to new "refugee villages" in the Mekong lowlands. The Plain of Jars became a free-strike zone. The US-Vientiane planners, unable to carry their government to the people, had chosen the Vietnam-tried course of bringing the people to the government. "We could work in the fields only at night; by day we slept underground in the bunkers," explained one old woman in a camp near Vientiane. "Everything that moved was bombed. Our village was bombed three times. The second time my daughter was killed. Then we left and went to live in the forest. It's very difficult to live there. There's not enough to eat."

Though more people live under government control since the bombing, American officials here deny that was the intent of the bombing. They claim that "Communist terrorism" is responsible for the influx of refugees. When the mass evacuation from the Plain of Jars was begun in February, US AID officials who supervised the operation maintained that the people all freely chose to leave their homes. Other US AID officials, who do not wish to be identified, now admit, however, that the decision was made in Vientiane and that the people were moved regardless of their wishes. Naturally, when confronted with the choice of being bombed at home or surviving in a far-away camp, many people chose the latter. But it seems devious to call that choice "free."



"Prease, I not Amelican. I are stlictly rocal talent."

The plight of refugees here is not yet as grim as that of their counterparts in Vietnam. Camps are small and usually contiguous to an established village. The idea is that the old villagers will help dispossessed newcomers; so far it has worked well, to the great credit of the Lao villagers. But refugees do not have enough land to support themselves, and the land they do receive is usually the least fertile. The thatched, barrack housing is depressing even to peasants accustomed to primitive conditions. Medical care is rare; so is schooling. US AID this year will spend some $7 million on refugee relief (about one thirty-fifth of the estimated $250 million spent to wage the war); most of that will be used for rice crops.

The worst suffering is not in the camps. By the time people reach them, the worst is over. Their villages have been destroyed; their relatives killed or drafted; they have walked, sometimes for months, through some of the most rugged country in the world. Only the lucky ones ride Air America. The others, by the tens of thousands, put their belongings on their backs and set out across the hills on foot. It is an agony difficult for an outsider to imagine. American and Laotian officials estimate that over the last 10 years 20 percent of the people of northeastern Laos have died in these refugee marches. The verdant limestone mountains that seem to have been lifted from a delicate Chinese scroll are a cemetery for 100,000 peasants! Random air strikes are always a threat; countless unexploded bombs lie scattered half-buried in the hills; exhaustion claims the weaker marchers; epidemics, especially of measles, are common; and of course there is never enough food.

The US Embassy downplays the dimension of the tragedy by counting only those currently living on relief in recognized "refugee villages" – the 180,000 I have mentioned. The Laotian government, however, reports 543,000 refugees and says there are at least another 150,000 unregistered. Now – because of heavy fighting and bombing near the Plain of Jars – another 100,000 are trudging southward through the roadless mountains to safety. One out of five will probably die before reaching the lowlands.

Carl Strock

Mr. Strock, *correspondent for Dispatch News Service, has been in Southeast Asia for the past three years.*

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Academic Recession

by Clifford E. Landers & James S. Cicarelli

Thousands of college and university teachers face conscription into the war against inflation. Many are – or soon will be – without jobs; others will find themselves teaching at institutions which a year ago they would have shunned as intellectual wastelands.

Academic gothic tales are the talk of the trade. "There are 50 Ph.D.s for every math opening," moans a young assistant professor whose specialty is topology. At the mid-winter convention of the Modern Language Association, more than one thousand hopefuls were never interviewed. For two political science positions in a North California state college, 400 applications were received. The American Historical Association convention reported 2000 persons scrambling for 400 jobs. The *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) inexplicably and ominiously omitted the positions available column from its current issue.

The crunch affects all disciplines, but some are more overcrowded than others. Within certain specialties the situation is tense. American history, for instance, is a drug on the market, though Black Studies still has openings for qualified personnel even if they are white. Hardest hit are the humanities, foreign languages and social sciences. Even the physical sciences are facing cutbacks, however. One small four-year college on the West Coast reported 750 applicants for a non-existent job in the English Department. Suddenly it has become a buyer's market.

The immediate effect will be to "upgrade" departments throughout higher education as non-doctoral instructors are phased out. During the last decade the percentage of college teachers with Ph.D. rose steadily, and today slightly over half possess the doctorate. As the market tightens, only such nonacademic fields as business, cinematography, forestry and the like will provide a refuge for the non-Ph.D., while in the traditional academic disciplines only tenure will offer security for those without the doctorate.

Selectiveness of colleges and universities can be expected to increase even more in the near future because the absolute numbers of Ph.D.s has risen spectacularly – a 277 percent jump since 1960. During the same period the proportion of new doctors going into teaching instead of competing fields has risen 21 percent, according to the US Department of Education. The dubious capacity of higher education to absorb still more teaching personnel has led the chairman of the humanities department at a large state university to admit, "We're counseling graduate students into other job areas. Starting Ph.D. studies at the moment is buying a ticket on the Titanic."

Since the employment squeeze allows colleges to recruit better talent for less money, it's good news for many struggling private schools where every dollar saved staves off bankruptcy or state takeover that much longer. For the state-run universities too, it is an attractive proposition to argue before legislatures which have become more tight-fisted in the last 18 months.

But viewed from the standpoint of the jobseeker the market glut is dismal. "Eight years of reading yourself blind to get a Ph.D.," says one new doctor of philosophy in physics, "and if you're lucky you can beat out 45 other poor slobs for a job that pays less than a truck driver makes." AAUP figures show that since 1965 the economic position of college professors has slipped relative to the total population; for example 1968-69 faculty compensation rose by 7.2 percent, compared with an 8.0 percent increase for the labor force as a whole.

Alternative job opportunities for faculty members are at a minimum in a decelerating economy. Industry, the traditional fallback employer of many teachers, is no longer so inviting, for a kind of reverse osmosis is occurring as companies such as Boeing and Lockheed are discharging hundreds of mathematicians, engineers and scientists. NASA is also contributing to the swelling ranks of returnees to teaching by its forced layoff of highly skilled technicians and scientists in face of budgetary cutbacks. The federal trimming of money for pure and applied research has obliged many to re-enter the job market. Civil service, another escape route for refugee Ph.D.s and M.A.s, will soon reach the saturation point.

In the short run, then, colleges and universities – not to mention the ubiquitous community colleges – will reap an immediate benefit from the bearish job market. The longer view is less sanguine. If things go on this way – and there are no indications to the contrary –

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will be at least 16 times present levels. The environment will not stand it and our energy sources cannot support it. Remember, too, that by the time our population doubles once, the time before the next doubling will be cut drastically. Demands for everything will be accelerated. Every other natural resource need and source of pollution will increase simultaneously. Perhaps we can cut down on no-deposit, no-return beer bottles and develop edible cookie boxes, but no matter – solid and liquid wastes will increase gigantically and our present modest commitment will long since have been left behind.

Even today, we are not keeping up. One can calculate conservatively that a national expenditure of something like $100 billion a year for new facilities, housing, roads and equipment is now needed just to keep up with population growth. This figure is arrived at by calculating duplication cost of national physical plant and service requirement in 70 years and spreading the cost out equally by years. This figure is obviously not enough, because old equipment and facilities must be replaced. Cities may decay before their time because of bad design and population thrusts that disrupt orderly growth. Such factors might double our figure. Perhaps $200 billion a year might allow us to stay even. That is equal to the present US budget. However, as we near the time of population doubling 70 years hence, the figure becomes orders of magnitude too low as social complexity accelerates. Crises can be expected to arise everywhere, from the state of our adrenal glands, to rising sea level and reduction of oxygen in the atmosphere as smog makes plants less able to photosynthesize new oxygen.

Mr. Nixon proposes a population commission. *But we already know the facts.* We ride the crest of a technological wave powered by nonrenewable resources of coal, oil, and nuclear fuel as our polluting society dips ever more deeply into its capital of minerals, biological resources and available land and water. The Nixon program grapples with today's programs (and thank goodness it does) but not tomorrow's. The program may save the East River which is now an open sewer, Lake Erie, which is an algal soup, and even the parsley in Orange County, California, which has been turning brown from smog damage. But the basic problems of the future it touches hardly at all.

The public has the idea that ecology (the broad relationship of organisms and their environment) and pollution, are one. The Nixon environmental package deals with "cures" for pollution. But we live in a *closed interacting system* in which every action ramifies in all directions and reflects back in a bewildering and usually unpredicted number of ways. We must come to live with compromise in a deeply pervasive sense, involving our ideas of property, morals and even health. Both the public at large and our statesmen must learn that it is no longer useful to think, "If I cause this dam to be built, enough power to light a city of one million people will result." Instead, we must think, "If the dam is built that power will be generated, this downstream river will be slowed, fish runs will be disrupted, a new increment of growth will be allowed in the area, which will produce demands on local agriculture, transportation, etc. The dam will produce a new environmental configuration in about 20 years of this or that general character."

The Aswan Dam on the Nile is a perfect example. For the wrong reasons, we removed our support and left it to the Russians to make the ecological blunder, but never mind, we didn't understand either. The new dam did provide the water needed to expand agriculture and create power, but it also slowed the river below, caused a precipitous rise in snail populations which carry the dreadful disease schistosomiasis. Infection rates jumped between 10 and 20 percent; for the river-dwelling human population to near 70 percent. Again the slowing allowed the incursion of salt water in the rich delta, threatening that important agricultural region.

Every socio-ecologic decision acts the same way in some degree. Everyone's elbows are in everyone else's ribs. That is why another person's large family is a concern to us all, and why the foot dragging of automobile companies in producing exhaust emission controls is an affront. On the other hand, good smog suppressants will have their effect, too; cars will cost more and fuel may, also; smog-suppression may postpone the day when we control the number of cars and hence allow more and grander traffic jams. The freeways of cities, which are like the circulatory systems of animals, may develop even greater embolisms at the five o'clock rush hour.

Now what should our government be doing?

(1) *Educate itself.* The President, Congress, the regulatory agencies need a short course in ecology. I suggest a national "ecological awareness week" like that being actively designed for my own threatened paradise of Hawaii. The time scale of crisis seems not to be understood by most of our leaders; we live on the point of the population curve where it turns upward in accelerating growth and fairly rockets away *in the*

Ben Wattenberg recently argued in *The New Republic* ("The Nonsense Explosion", April 4 & 11) that the population problem in the US is "an extremely long-term proposition" considering this country's size and wealth. In this article, Kenneth S. Norris, Director of the Oceanic Institute in Hawaii, takes a decidedly gloomier view.

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next 15 years. Few men in Washington understand why it is no longer useful to think that our environmental dilemmas can be "cured" by simple applications of money.

(2) *Act with all possible dispatch to frame legislation designed to reduce population increase.* A campaign that reduces population increase by half will save the country on the order of $100 billion a year. More important, it will buy precious time. Each new child requires more food, more highways, more schools, more police, more everything. The parent should pay commensurately, through taxes. To be sure, some may cry "racial genocide" and legislation must not discriminate against the poor or disadvantaged. We should reward people for avoiding conception. The morality of late marriage and conception needs recognition. Termination of pregnancy needs to be made socially and legally acceptable. In some ways the increasing proliferation of technology acts like a rising birth rate – each of us comes to consume more and to produce more waste products. It is certain, in the not too distant future that we must therefore *reduce* our total numbers significantly.

(3) *Continue palliative action against social and environmental decay.* Population decrease acts slowly in changing the ecological course of society, so we must expand Nixon-type proposals. Their cost will soon become prohibitive, however, without population decrease.

(4) *The nation must learn to assess the socio-ecological results of its actions.* I think, in the long run, this is our most important single task, other than population decrease. Both population increase and the explosive growth of technology are producing social and environmental change at a bewildering rate. We cannot now confidently predict the consequences of new people, machines and techniques. Our guesses are based on ever more sketchy data. Huge though the task is, however, we can learn to look at entire regions and, in some cases, at America as a whole in terms of mathematical models or other assessment systems. We can develop new computer systems, special models, for example, of river systems and a massive inventory of natural and social resources. Since we are not alone in the world, many of these studies will go beyond our borders. The sea and air are global.

The Moonshot became a worldwide team effort; we need the same application of money and talent, the same type of systems engineers here at home. NASA and the aerospace industries could be marshaled in this effort; a third of our national scientific talent and most of the systems engineers work there. The International Biological Program, under the direction of the National Science Foundation, is producing mathematical models of the grasslands that once covered so much of our central tier of states. A similar model for the desert biome, as it is called, has just been developed and studies of the eastern deciduous forest and the coniferous forest are in the planning stage.

One of the nation's top mathematical ecologists, Professor Kenneth E. F. Watts is struggling, in California, to produce a socio-ecologic model of California on a computer. Without much larger financing, he cannot produce more than a few useful submodels, but he is already doing some important things. He is showing that, given appropriate resources, an eco-technological assessment system can very probably predict where our social actions lead.

(5) *The basic science of ecology needs to be upgraded.* Excellent projects go unfinanced by the National Science Foundation. In spite of outcry about the declining quality of the environment, the Foundation had only $7.5 million to spend on environmental biology in 1969. Budding talent must turn elsewhere. It may surprise the President and his colleagues how few ecologists there are in America, 2000 to 4000, and of these only two to three hundred at best are today willing to enter public service.

(6) *Increase the protection of our basic ecological resources.* Ecologists cannot study nature without a nature to study, and it's going fast. I speak here not only of parklands and forests, but also of the unassuming salt marshes, palmetto swamps, bogs, prairie grasslands and the rest of natural America. These are the baseline, moulded by millions of years of evolution, within which the secrets of ecological balance lie. They are natural laboratories and irreplaceable. In several states natural area systems have been set aside. In the subtle interactions of their streams, in the decaying leaves and logs of their forest floors, in their water and air, we discover the secrets to our survival. While I'm at it, one of our nation's major natural resources is extremely poorly protected – the arid and semi-arid lands, nearly all within the purview of the Bureau of Land Management and amounting to something like 150 million acres. They may be our most priceless terrestrial natural resource. The undermanned, underfinanced Bureau is manfully wrestling with what it knows must be done, but it should be expanded to become our "Forest Service of the Arid Lands."

Many Americans think anxiety over "pollution" is just a fad, the sputnik of the '70s. It's no fad; the very equilibrium of our world's balance of life is being shifted by too many people and their products. We cannot much longer throw out tin and lead and helium and mercury. Population will very likely have to drop drastically around the world before any true equilibrium can be reached. Indeed the world must be seen as a whole, like that awesome picture from the Apollo Mission with all of Africa and Europe seen at a glance beneath swirling clouds. Each of us must view himself as part of a vast intricate closed system, all of whose parts interact all of the time – as in that aquarium.

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No—but Not the Present System Either

All-Volunteer Army?

by Peter Barnes

Barry Goldwater is for it, so is George McGovern. William F. Buckley, Jr. supports it, so does John Kenneth Galbraith. Robert Taft, Jr. likes the idea, so does Allard K. Lowenstein. So, too, in principle, does Richard M. Nixon, as he reiterated in his draft message last week. They all favor an all-volunteer army. Now, backed by the unanimous support of a Presidential Commission headed by former Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates, the end-the-draft advocates have succeeded in directing the nation's gaze towards the beguiling goal of what, it is claimed, would be a painless military. Alas, it is a prospect that under present conditions is neither attainable nor particularly desirable. Unless we turn our gaze from this alluring distraction, and look instead towards other reforms, we shall be left with a military system that is little better than the one we have.

Like Gaul, the coalition supporting an all-volunteer army is divided into three parts: the ideological conservatives, the ideological liberals, and those who, for want of a better term, might be called middle-class pragmatists. (Richard Nixon falls into this last-mentioned category.) The conservatives quite persuasively contend that conscription is a gross infringement upon individual liberty. The liberals, tormented by Vietnam, maintain with equal persuasiveness that no one should be compelled to fight in a war that is immoral, undeclared, and non-defensive. In addition, the liberals see an end to peacetime conscription as a way to limit the military's size, and thus its power. The middle-class pragmatists put forward a number of largely technocratic arguments for an all-volunteer army. Their underlying objective is not to control the military more firmly, but to quell the restless students.

Like many of the Republican efforts that have come before it, the Gates Commission report is a fusion of the conservative and pragmatic viewpoints. It closely reflects the known positions of Commission members Milton Friedman, the conservative economist, and Stephen Herbits, a young law student who helped a group of moderate Republican congressmen write a book about ending the draft. The Commission's report also parallels the views of Martin Anderson, the 32-year-old White House staffer best known for *The Federal Bulldozer*, a stinging critique of urban renewal, and as the author of Nixon's statements on the draft.

What troubles me is not that these advocates are improperly motivated, or that a "professional" army, if established, would be a terribly dangerous or objectionable thing. The disturbing aspects of the pleas for an all-volunteer army is their lack of contact with social realities. We are asked to believe that, simply by paying the price, we can make the injustices surrounding military service vanish. Such is not the case.

In the lengthy report of the Gates Commission, for example, there are several statements such as the following: "A force made up of men freely choosing to serve should enhance the dignity and prestige of the military. Every man in uniform will be serving as a matter of choice rather than coercion." The magic word "all-volunteer" is used to conjure up visions of a highly motivated force of gung-ho professionals, unplagued by malcontents and ready to heed the call to action with nary a moment's hesitation. This kind of fighting force, we are told, is both desirable and feasible. By raising the basic pay levels for first-term enlisted men, beefing up the recruiting corps and buying more advertisements in the media, we could have such an army by as early as mid-1971. President Nixon in his message expressed doubts about the '71 date but asked Congress to give a 20 percent pay boost to enlisted men with less than two years service and pledged to move steadily if cautiously along the path to an all-volunteer army.

One senses that the Gates Commission (not to mention Nixon) forgot to talk to any GIs who did enlist during the past decade or two. The kind of army it envisions might well be worth thinking about if we were still in the 1930s. Then, the army was small – microscopic by current standards – and unemployment

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Peter Barnes is writing a book on the US Army. He is the author of "The Army May Be Hazardous to Your Health" (NR, December 20, 1969).

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was high. Recruiters were literally turning people away. Today they're not so choosy. Even aided by pressure from the draft, recruiters are beating the bushes like hungry car salesmen, promising one thing or another to induce adolescents to sign up. Many a naive young man enlists with strange impressions of what awaits him. Others are accepted who shouldn't be in the military. The volunteer who signs up, or thinks he signs up, for airplane mechanics and then finds himself in an infantry platoon is not always a happy soldier. Nor is the youth who volunteers because a judge offered him a choice between the army and the county jail. Nor is the so-called New Standards man – accepted since 1966 under Project 100,000 – with a fifth grade reading ability, who falls humiliatingly behind his buddies in training. Nor is the runaway, or the kid from a broken home.

Statistics bear out the fact that volunteers are not appreciably happier in the army than draftees. For example, despite bonuses for reenlisting that run as high as $10,000, the Army's reenlistment rate for first-term volunteers is only 14.6 percent. This compares with a reenlistment rate of 7.4 percent for draftees.* Sixty percent of the AWOLs now prisoners in military stockades are volunteers, as are about the same percentage of deserters known to be in Canada and Sweden. In short, the army is chock full of volunteers who would like to "unvolunteer," Regular Army men who are impatiently counting their days till separation and who resent their loss of liberty as much as any draftee. (Indeed, some volunteers are even more embittered than draftees bcause they were led to expect something other than they got.)

The conservatives and particularly the pragmatists would have us believe that by eliminating coercion, we would wipe out the indignities associated with military service. But an all-volunteer army would not eliminate the indignities of military service so much as it would remove them from the sight of those who prefer not to see and experience them – primarily the sons of the educated white middle class. The Gates Commission talks glowingly of upgrading financial compensation and other conditions of service so that participation in the military becomes "a rewarding opportunity, not . . . a burden." If military service could really be made a rewarding opportunity, there would be little reason to do away with the draft. The truth is that military service is, and for the foreseeable future will be, a burden, and the lot of the enlisted man will remain, to varying degrees only, unpleasant.

An all-volunteer army would put an end to peacetime *induction*, but in so doing would transfer the burden of military service to those who are most susceptible to being *induced*. These would primarily be the poorer, less educated and less sophisticated segments of our youth population. It is argued, in a somewhat elitist tone, that these young people would have the most to gain from military service, or at least have less to lose. (The truth of this statement is in itself a sad commentary on our society.) But is it proper that our nation should be defended by those who have been favored by it the least? Is not the burden of common defense something that all segments of society should share equally, or at least run an equal risk of sharing? And how much justice is obtained by ending conscription, but replacing it with a recruiting system that feeds on the poverty, ignorance and gullibility of our most disadvantaged youngsters?

There is no such thing as a large painless military. The more socially just course lies not in trying to hide the pain, or transfer it, but in sharing the pain and seeking, through reform of the army, to reduce it.

How can the military be reformed? This is the major question, and although no comprehensive answers can be offered here, some suggestions are possible on how we might begin.

The first and most timely target for alteration is the Selective Service Act, which is due to expire next year. Student deferments, as the President recommended to Congress, should be eliminated. Beyond that, there are two major areas where the law should be changed.

First, a numerical ceiling ought to be placed upon the number of men the President can induct each month. Our deepening involvement in Southeast Asia reveals the helplessness of Congress in the face of Presidential *faits accomplis*. The Constitutional authority of Congress to declare war has been brushed aside by Presidential spokesmen as "outdated." Defense appropriations bills are spirited through the Capitol in such a manner that few can be opposed to "supporting our fighting boys who are already over there." Never in the long and bloody history of escalation has there been a handle Congress could grab, a point where it could say, "Stop." As the Senate Foreign Relations Committee stated in its National Commitments report last year: "The concentration in the hands of the President of virtually unlimited authority over matters of war and peace has all but removed the limits to executive power in the most important single area of our national life. Until they are restored the American people will be threatened with tyranny or disaster."

Much of the blame lies with Congress itself. Six

*The Gates Commission distinguishes between draft-induced and what it calls "true" volunteers — men for whom the draft is not a factor in enlisting. No reenlistment statistics are available that differentiate between the two types of volunteers, but obviously the reenlistment rate for "true" volunteers is somewhat higher than the rate for all volunteers. A good estimate is that it runs around 20 percent. This means that 80 percent of even the "true" volunteers—still the overwhelming majority — get out of the army at their first opportunity.

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times it has approved or extended a Selective Service law which gives to the President the power to conscript men "whether or not a state of war exists," without any effective limitation on the number that can be drafted or the use to which they can be put. It is incongruous, but nonetheless true, that if the President wants 20,000 men in February to be trained for deployment to Asia, he merely snaps his fingers; if he wants $20,000 to combat poverty in West Virginia, he must fight like hell for the appropriation.

It is time that Congress remedied the situation by withdrawing the blank check on the nation's manpower it has given the President for nearly 25 years. This can be done by establishing a fixed monthly ceiling on the number of draftees, and providing that no additional men can be inducted without Congressional "appropriation." Thus, Congress might authorize the President to draft up to 10,000 men per month. If at any time the President wanted more than the authorized number of draftees, he would have to come to Congress stating the size and purpose of his request. He might be required to do this monthly, or perhaps only quarterly. In either case, Congress would retain the power to review periodically the President's use of the draft.

The second area where the Selective Service law ought to be amended is in its definition of conscientious objection. Here again, the problem should be viewed in relation to the President's almost unchecked power to make war. Congressional safeguards are not the only ones that have become enfeebled. The people's ultimate safeguard – the electoral process – has also been shown to be virtually irrelevant. ("We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves" – Lyndon B. Johnson, 1964.) If the old Constitutional checks and balances have been eroded, new ones must be created which can be enforced. At the same time, if conscription is to be continued, some protection must be afforded the individual against an over-eager invasion by the Executive of his fundamental liberties.

The present law defines a conscientious objector as one who "by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Though the Supreme Court ruled in 1965 that it was not necessary to believe in a Supreme Being in order to be classified as a conscientious objector, the whole notion of conscientious objection in America (though not in England) is too narrowly associated with religious pacifism. Conscientious objection – at least to undeclared, non-defensive wars – should be a basic political right having nothing to do with how or whether a man worships God. This, in essence, may be what the Massachusetts legislature meant to say when it enacted the recent law prohibiting the use of Massachusetts soldiers in undeclared wars "outside the territorial limits of the United States." This is the perspective from which Congress ought to view the subject when the draft law comes up for renewal.

Congress can, and should, create by statute the right of an individual not to participate in undeclared, non-defensive wars. This right would obviously be broader in its application than the existing right of religious pacifists to be excluded from combat; yet it would not be a universal right. It would apply only to those who objected to a particular war *for reasons of conscience* (i.e., some test of sincerity would be required). It would not apply in peacetime; it would not apply to wars in which the nation was under direct attack. Moreover, if Congress saw the need to mobilize the country and to make a declaration of war, the right of conscientious objection could be suspended (or limited once again to religious pacifists).

A major difficulty in establishing a basic right of conscientious objection to the draft is that, for some subliminal reason, conscientious objection is widely considered to be a radical idea. Quite the contrary: nothing is more conservative and traditionally American than the right of the individual to be secure from unauthorized encroachments of Presidential power, as we have so often heard from William F. Buckley, Jr., Barry Goldwater and others. It is also said that a provision for conscientious objection to undeclared and non-defensive wars would "legalize draft-dodging." So it would – under certain conditions. But so, too, would an all-volunteer army, and on a far larger scale.

What is more astonishing than the fact that there is resistance to the idea of redefining conscientious objection is that so little consideration has been given to it. The Gates Commission, judging from its report, did not even blink in the direction of conscientious objection. Yet as an alternative to an all-volunteer army – an alternative that does not go nearly so far in excusing citizens from the burden of military service – the idea of the draft *cum* conscientious objection to undeclared, non-defensive wars has much to commend it. (It is interesting to note that Great Britain provided for non-religious and even non-pacifist conscientious objection during, of all things, World War II. Despite the dire threat to their survival as a free people, the British were able to recognize that honorable men could have reasons of conscience for not participating in that particular war, and that such men were not necessarily either cowards or traitors. The government's position, as stated in a 1944 Ministry of Information booklet, was forthrightly put: "We hold that a man whose deepest feelings are outraged by combatant military service should not be pressed into such service. Not only will he suffer, but also – a point frequently overlooked – the Service will suffer.")

Beyond the initial goal of amending the Selective Service Act lies the larger problem of humanizing the army – of structuring and maintaining a competent,

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With the kind of casualties we're getting we've GOT to have the DRAFT!

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defensively-oriented military that causes minimum damage to individual integrity. Several smaller countries (Switzerland, Sweden, Israel, West Germany) have resolved this problem with varying degrees of success. In the United States the problem was briefly tackled after World War II, but never fully pursued. There is no better time to take up the task than now.

The two things that most degrade the enlisted man are his total lack of power over his own life, and the constant attack by the army on his personality. The former is to a large extent inevitable; the latter is not.

From the moment he is drafted or induced into the military, the young enlisted man is stripped of the power to make decisions. This powerlessness extends from matters of the most vital concern to him, such as avoiding death, to the most trivial details of daily existence. He is told when to get up, what clothes to wear, how to walk and talk—and ultimately, whether he must carry a rifle in the rice paddies or sit behind a desk in North Carolina. Before the army he was relatively free; once in the army he is faceless government property, shaped, wrapped, and shipped to arbitrary destinations.

The GI is willing to accept much of this because he recognizes the necessities of a large military organization. He is less willing to accept the concerted assault upon his private being. In basic training, he is yelled at, denounced, humiliated and punished in a calculated effort to destroy his self-esteem and individuality. In place of his previous identity the army attempts to construct a new one – that of the obedient servant and perhaps killer.

When training is over, the war between the GI and the army over the GI's personality becomes quieter – a kind of war of attrition. The army ceases to attack. Still, a soldier need not call for violent overthrow of the United States government to trigger a repressive response. An unbuttoned uniform, a disrespectful word, sideburns a quarter of an inch too long, a letter to a Congressman – any of these is sufficient. The variety of tools available to the army for personality control would require a small catalog to list. They range from denial of weekend passes to assignment of miserable details, from orders to ship to Vietnam to fines, demotions, courts-martial, stockades and several different types of bad discharges. On occasion, too, there is resort to sheer, extra-legal brutality. If a youngster doesn't know what fear is, he quickly finds out.

There is no simple way to go about humanizing a military machine. The American army is an old and powerful institution, fixed in its ways and peculiarly resistant to change. Congress alone, even if it were willing, could not bring about the needed shifts in officer attitudes and company-level practices. The major pressures for change must come – and they are coming – from GIs themselves, aided by a concerned and alert public. One way *not* to begin, in my opinion, is to move to an all-volunteer system. There is nothing civilian society would like more to forget about than the army. The attentions of Congress, the press, the federal courts and anxious parents would drift far from the indignities of military life the moment that life was proclaimed to be voluntary. There would similarly be less popular concern about the uses to which volunteer soldiers were put. How many would care, and how deeply, about the Vietnam war if their sons and brothers were not being conscripted to fight it?

At the same time, an end to the draft would shield the army from the influx of citizen-soldiers who are the yeast of internal change. The army *needs* Yossarians, Ronald Ridenhours, independent-minded R.O.T.C. junior officers and J.A.G. lawyers – soldiers who do their jobs but who are not committed to the cover-your-ass system, whose loyalties are to civilian, not careerist values. Given the absence of countervailing powers within the military, it is the civilian-in-uniform who is most likely to point out, articulate and test the areas for change.

More truthful recruiting practices would of course diminish much subsequent bitterness. Also, training should concentrate on building up a soldier's military skills and not on destroying his sense of individual worth. Following training, the army's control over the individual should be limited to those aspects of conduct which are directly related to combat effectiveness or to foreign policy (when a soldier is stationed in a foreign country, there *is* a legitimate national interest in supervising his behavior). The GI's recourses against abuses of power must be strengthened. This can be done, perhaps, through the installation of congressionally-appointed civilian ombudsmen on major military bases. Soldiers' representatives, elected directly by the enlisted men, could speak for the GI before the commanding general and the ombudsman. (The West German *Bundeswehr* has a system similar to this.)

In addition, Representatives and Senators should keep a more watchful eye than they do on commanders who infringe upon soldiers' rights; such commissioned officers should not be perfunctorily approved when their promotions come through Congress.

In short, there are a number of philosophic reasons, as well as considerations of social equity, which argue against a large all-volunteer army under present conditions. But beyond these is the fact that the country faces a choice between further isolating the military or bringing it more closely under civilian scrutiny and control, between professionalizing the army and reforming it. If the draft can be modified so that limits are placed on the power of the President to conscript, then an army within which there is some freedom and ferment would be the safest, most humane, and most worthy kind of army for our young people and for a healthy democracy.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Two or Three Things I Know about Her

(New Yorker)

Brotherly Love

(M-G-M)

It is chic to speak of Jean-Luc Godard's Periods. The Second Period begins with *La Chinoise* (1967) and concentrates on political - revolutionary themes. The First Period, though heavily laced with politics, concentrated on personal relationships, societal matters, and investigations of artistic method. Now, belatedly, we get the last picture of the first group, *Two or Three Things I Know about Her*, made in 1966 and seen here only at festivals. It turns out to be one of Godard's best.

The "her" of the title, he says, is not the heroine but Paris itself. Two events impelled the making of the film: he read a newspaper letter from a woman about part-time prostitution in the new expensive apartment projects, and in August 1966 a new administrator-in-chief was appointed for the Paris region. We see a day in the life of a young wife, including afternoon rendezvous to pay for a new sweater, and her story is frequently intercut with the sights and strident sounds of changing Paris: drills, cranes, construction trucks, etc. Near the end she stands in front of the apartment house where she lives with her garage-mechanic husband and their two small children, and as she talks to us of her plight, the camera does a Godardian 360-degree pan around the immense canyon of new houses. The very last shot is of neatly arranged package goods on the grass – detergents and cigarettes and breakfast foods – and they glow at us as the picture fades.

The aim is not solely to mock materialism: Godard is also influenced, reportedly, by the poetry of Francis Ponge, which is concerned with "Thingism," the seeming life and effect of "things." But the film mainly explores the Americanization (read "modernization") of French life and the pressures of artificially stimulated consumerism which, Godard implies, makes prostitutes of us all to some extent. His cinematic techniques are familiar: no plot but a chronicle with Brechtian part-titles; many interviews; some literary references. (Two young men, who are seen compiling an anthology of unrelated excerpts from books, are named for Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet.) A commentary is whispered throughout by Godard himself, including quotations (he has said) from Raymond Aron's *Eighteen Lessons on Industrial Society*. There are many pretty girls and much cigarette smoking as décor. The color photography by Raoul Coutard is, as usual, exemplary.

Two or Three Things is more interesting than many other Godard films because, for one reason it seems to have sustained the director's own interest; there is no feeling, as in *Pierrot le Fou*, that this very bright man has embarked on something to which he is committed long after his darting mind has really left it and that he is forced to invent irreverences and interpolations to keep himself interested. For another reason, the film is devoid of the worst aspects of Youth Worship that sometimes taint his work; it is about people, some of whom are young. But the chief merit is that it develops its themes within itself, for the most part, not by imposition. The interplay between the facts of the changing city (an appeal to the new Paris administrator, really) and the changing lives of Paris is dramatized graphically. And when the heroine moves easily from action within a scene to speak to us directly about herself and her quandaries, which she does often, it creates two dualities of consciousness – hers about her life and her "acting" of it, ours about the film as fictional truth and about the making of that truth. There is a nice sense of metatheater, in Lionel Abel's term: of the heroine living her life and simultaneously seeing herself, as the protagonist of a drama she is watching. And all the while, a tightening circle of chromium-plated, electronic wolves is yapping at her heels.

But the impasted artistic and philosophical freight is once again tedious. The interviewing of characters by an unseen interviewer, which is supposed to break open conventional film form, is now a Godardian convention. The sound-track, with Godard quoting away, has an air of dormitory discovery – a sophomore discovering, under the midnight lamp, what life and metaphor are All About. When we get a huge close-up of bubbles floating on the surface of coffee in a cup while Godard whispers about Being and Nothingness, it remains bubbles and quotations; there is no transformation into philosophical comment or Pongeist poem.

Marina Vlady, the heroine, is pleasant and composed. While the film stays with her, in her complications of self-knowledge, there is some sense of genuine phenomenological dilemma, some inquiry into the data of consciousness. When Godard sloshes *stuff* at us, belatedly discovered by him and untransmuted, we get a Child's Garden of Phenomenology.

A hopeless note. People won't go to see a fine performance in a poor film, as they did not go to see Richard Burton in *Staircase*, but it would be derelict not to notice fine work. *Brotherly Love* is a superfluous film. The director, J. Lee Thompson, is a pedestrian cinematic mind (though he evidently understands something about acting). The late James Kennaway, who wrote the script from his play and novel, was a very diluted Bronte. But Peter O'Toole's performance is stunning.

The title is literal – the story is about incestuous love (not acts of incest). The theme is ancient, but, to supply a double and symbolic doom, it is intertwined here with a theme of declining aristocracy, which makes it somewhat remote for us. O'Toole is therefore working uphill all the way, with little base of reference in American life or fantasy for his character's nostalgic, yet he succeeds brilliantly in creating an affecting lost man.

He is a Scottish country baronet, sensitive, arrogant, alcoholic, who loves his sister (Susannah York) so much that her husband has left the house, though he lives nearby and wants his wife back. O'Toole is in process of ruining himself physically and financially as a rather theatrical Last of the Line, a detester of plebs, and a lover who knows that the one true love of his life is hopeless. His sister returns

(Continued on page 47)

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SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Reed Whittemore: Black Studies in Glass Houses

Amistad I
edited by John A. Williams and Charles F. Harris

(Vintage; $1.95)

In the last issue I enunciated a general law (which I then applied to book reviewing): that judgment is impugned to the extent that it is exercised. Here I want to discuss a second law, applicable in special situations: judgment is impugned *before* it is exercised. It is really a different kind of law, but equally meritorious; for example, a student may impugn my judgment as a teacher before I have graded a paper of his, and do so on rumors from his roommate that I eat student flesh. The case at hand is that of the white man in relation to black literature, and of course any black wishing to impugn my judgment here has plenty of evidence to bring to bear of previous bad judgment by whites, if not bad judgments by me.

This second law has important bearing on all the problems of black-white relations. Part of the new black awareness is an aggravated sensitivity to white weakness. A chance phrase, a suggestion of irony in speech tone, any small mannerism on the part of a white may quickly be taken as evidence of racism. And the racism may be there. But the concerned white, the non-racist-professing white is the one sensitive to black radar, and therefore the one who may be driven most quickly into silence.

His silence is further encouraged in the literary world in recent years by the common claim of militant blacks that a white man is not capable of judging black literature. That is a bad claim anyway, though the white can make it seem good by being a fool; and it certainly is another force discouraging amity. My impression is that many white English teachers and literary critics have felt disposed to back off from black literary affairs because to deal with them is constantly to invite confrontations. Yet not to deal with them is to invite confrontations too.

The publication of *Amistad I* is obviously an occasion when whites *should* speak. It is directed at Black Studies programs, but it also constantly invites white comment. It is the first issue of a publisher's periodical dedicated to the provision of "a systematic cohesive body of basic material for Black Studies courses." I have, of course, no way of knowing how well *Amistad I* will fare with Black Studies teachers; nor if the "basic material" in it is in any way representative of what Black Studies people as a whole would like to do with their programs, but as one white man across the hall, I must admit to not liking the prospect. I realize that for militants my dislike will be in the book's favor.

Of the essays in the anthology that seem to deal most directly with the problems of content for Black Studies programs, there is, most importantly, an essay by Vincent Harding, essentially a history of the development of Black History. Before Black History, says Harding, was Negro History. Negro History set out "to reveal the 'contributions' of blacks to the American saga," and to make the Negro a *part* of the American saga. Negro History aimed at objectivity; it was written by George Washington Williams, John Hope Franklin and others, and the best of it contained the seeds of the later Black History. The more obvious germinal sources of Black History, however, are DuBois and Franz Fanon. It was Fanon who said that if the blacks were to shape their future

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they first had to reshape their past, a reshaping that would end the presenting of "evidence in favor of America."

Harding does not give us instances of what Black History will consist of (though we have instances elsewhere in the volume), but he does describe briefly the stage beyond Black History, namely Black Studies proper. Black Studies is the larger intellectual whole that includes History and provides for, "the search for the new land, the new society, the new being." Theology? Whatever it should be called, it will dispose of the "ancient shibboleths about detachment and objectivity"; for Black History and Black Studies are aggressively political. Not stated but implied is that they are also subjective; that is, they provide facts or truths that are exclusively manifestations of black consciousness.

A more conservative essay by C. L. R. James describes what can be done, in the area of Black History, with the old slave trade and its significance for the West. Then there are two radical essays, in which the vision of the black historian is transferred to the literary scene. Calvin C. Hernton traces the developing radicalness in the literature of James Baldwin, and notes that now black writing has gone beyond Baldwin in the sense that the new black writers "are not preoccupied with the chic, personalized trivia of their own individual hang-ups." And in the most militant essay in the book Addison Gayle, Jr. describes how the Southern white writer, picking up his notions of slavery from the Greeks, developed a plantation literature that continues to dominate American letters. Here is a bit of the flavor of the Gayle essay:

> The southern mind was attracted to the Greek ideal partly because of a justification of slavery offered by the world's first "democracy"; it was not attracted by what Matthew Arnold called the "humane principles" handed down from the Aegean through Greece's most famous sons – principles which distinguished man by placing him at the center of the universe. To the southern mind, historically incapable of dealing with complexity, seeking a stable, ordered society free from the disruption occasioned by the intrusion of enlightened ideas, Greece offered a model of the agrarian society.
>
> Sometimes called "the Bible for agrarianism" *I'll Take My Stand* is a racist fascist document, equaled in the 20th century only by Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Among its contributors are men whose names are legend in the field of American literary criticism . . .
>
> . . . the university, quick to move on reactionary principles, fell sway to the sophistry of the agrarians in less than two years. The teachers of English were the most culpable. Guardians of the national taste, these men of letters determined what cultured Americans will or will not read, what work of art deserves or does not deserve the National Book Award or the Pulitzer Prize, what writer will or will not receive a fellowship to work in leisure or obtain a seat at a renowned university. The control of the nation's cultural apparatus rests in the hands of English professors and critics who, more often than not, peer out upon American society with a condescension reserved for idiots and half-wits.

Gayle is an English teacher himself so he knows some of this from the inside. I gather that he would like to get rid of the plantation literature of such writers as Faulkner and Styron and Ellison, and move his own pedagogy across the hall to Black Studies.

Many whites, some of them English and History teachers, have complained about the arrogance and incompetence to be found in English teaching, the narrow prescriptive chauvinism to be found in History, and the general stuffiness of the American university. They have also complained about that ill-fated "fascist" book, *I'll Take My Stand*, which was a favorite object of Northern liberal ridicule in the thirties. So in a sense the black writers of *Amistad I* are not saying anything new to the white world. But in another sense they are. They are shifting the blame from political or professional stupidity to simple whiteness, and they are also greatly magnifying the strenuousness of the complaints. Furthermore, what they are doing in their own backyard is genuinely new: the moves from Negro History to Black History, from James Baldwin to non "personalized" literature, and from defensive polemics to pronouncements expressing a high degree of certitude – these shifts have taken place so fast that it is very hard to keep up (and also hard to believe

Fable of the Way-Out Leaf

A leaf way out
On the naked branch
Of a potted plant
On a penthouse wall
On the 42nd floor
At 73rd and Lex-
ington tripped

He flipped out Jack
With a wind on his back

He caught a ride
To the Other Side

He hit a depth charge
Down from Mind-at-Large

He twisted and twirled around the Outer
World hung on a high prayer out in nowhere hopped
On a fast plane over to Buddha's brain swung
In a long curve downthroughtheMainNervebrokewitha
BoomintotheInnerRoom

And floated out cool
at the end of his trip
Hit the ground
And turned into a potato chip

SCOTT BATES

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that the shifts have actually taken place). As I sit symbolically across the hall from it all, aging, and depressed with the profession of Humanities as now practiced, I am not sure whether I should try to keep up with Black Studies, or merely wait for it to take over or blow over. I know feelingly, though, that the attitudes expressed by militant blacks, even if they should be shallow and ephemeral (as I think they are not), are related to the attitudes expressed by thousands of white students; and that the accumulating rebellion against "ancient shibboleths about detachment and objectivity" is having an immediate and wholly inhibitory effect on the classes now being taught *outside* Black Studies. In other words, I can sit quietly, across the hall, but as a teacher I have no immunity from the rebellion.

History and English should perhaps be more ready for rebellion than they are; they are as full of revisionary theory as the sciences, or politics; and even their conservatives preach change as an element of health. Thus the reactionary villain from Columbia, Jacques Barzun, once said that "history has to be periodically rewritten," and in literature T. S. Eliot, who admired the Southern agrarians Vincent Harding raged against, notoriously observed that whenever a really new work of literature was written it changed the whole order of literary affairs in the past. Furthermore, the best white teachers in English and History would agree with Harding and Gayle at least to the extent of disapproving emphatically of much that is being taught in these subjects. In History for example, they would agree with Barzun that popular history, which is largely textbook history, "fosters national egotism and distorts the reality of human affairs" (Harding would substitute the word "white" for the word "national"). And over in English, without regard to the plight of black students in bad schools, the very best teachers are much disturbed at the ineffectiveness of English teaching that allows students to land in college vastly mature and worldly about everything except the word. So with all this acknowledgement of trouble, and with all this recognition of the need for change, one would think that the proposals of the Black Studies people would be met with enthusiasm by white reformers.

But the radical black educator is not, I deduce from the strenuous character of the accusations and proposals in *Amistad I*, looking for backing. White backing in the past has come to nothing; hence the black educator and student feel they must go it alone if they are to go it at all. The white is to look (and perhaps be shocked or shamed), but not touch. He is even expected to sympathize (if he does not he is a racist), but not touch.

But I confess that I am shocked by, and cannot sympathize with, the vision of Black Studies I see in *Amistad I*. My impression is that in both English and History the blacks are in danger of duplicating the very worst errors of the whites. Particularly their tendency to identify the truth with their racially subjective vision seems apt to destroy the whole Black Studies enterprise. Three decades ago Barzun, not thinking of black problems at all, described the difficulty well:

> We are all too familiar with histories [and I would add literature] built on an evolutionary plan which naively interprets the whole past as a mere preparation for the modern age; which systematically strains the evidence for germs of institutions or ideas which we find important, whether our ancestors found them so or not. This kind of history is pure narcissism.

It is also, I might add, the beginning of totalitarianism.

To put this differently, I would say that Black Studies, as it is conceived by the contributors to *Amistad I*, inherits the worst kind of white pedagogy. It is a pedagogy displaying always a high degree of certitude, and coming at any subject with a quick generalization and a prescription. In both History and English it is the kind of education one gets in white cram courses – Henry VIII was born in 1491 and had bad table manners – except that the Black Studies student is expected to cram pleasant facts about blacks and unpleasant facts about whites.

Prescriptive pedagogy has its virtues as discipline (memorize the goddam stuff; good for you) and as a way of mastering cold-turkey matters like the parts of a rifle; but there are fewer cold-turkey subjects in the world than most people imagine. *No* generalizations are cold turkey.

Also, prescriptive pedagogy encourages mental passivity. A little passivity may be desirable, but with TV, overcrowded schools and prescriptive teaching surrounding us, our nation has long since passed any possibly desirable passivity *norm*. In my opinion the chief mission of a college English or History teacher is to encourage thinking and observing rather than receiving and speechifying; that is, to encourage the spirit of look and see rather than show and tell. Such a mission is subversive; to succeed, it must undermine almost everything that is happening to our pre-college students, in school and out. They come to us burdened like donkeys with prescriptions and stock speeches.

If our country's Black Studies programs were to come to be largely guided by the philosophy expressed in *Amistad I*, I suspect that these studies would be in need of similar subversion. I would not deny the black need "to face with courage the truth concerning the ways in which the representatives of Western power [have] totally distorted the nonwhite past" (the statement is Vincent Harding's), but I see an equal need for Black Studies people to face the possibilities of distortion in their own ranks.

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RICHARD SYMONDS, Editor

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Arthur Mizener: Edmund Wilson's New Republic

Edmund Wilson contributed more than 350 essays and reviews to The New Republic *between 1921 and 1941, of which 73 were published in the volume,* The Shores of Light. *He served as an editor of this journal from 1926 to 1931. I write these words for his 75th birthday, May 8.*

For all his interest in ideas about people and his habit of "willed attention" (as Alfred Kazin calls it), Edmund Wilson has always appeared a little ill at ease with the world, like some gifted sleight-of-hand artist whose patter is – as he himself once said of Houdini's – "confined to a few quaint perfunctory phrases." T. S. Matthews tells a story of Wilson's returning to *The New Republic* offices in the old yellow brick houses on 21st Street after a luncheon with Scott Fitzgerald in the twenties and stopping to introduce Fitzgerald.

> "What!" said Fitzgerald, opening his eyes wide, "Not *the* Mr. Matthews?"
>
> "Oh," said Wilson, looking at him in surprise, "do you know him?"
>
> "*Know* him! I used to fix his teeth!"
>
> This assertion . . . seemed to alarm Wilson vaguely.

It was his habit to put his head into people's offices in a friendly way and then discover he could think of nothing with which to pass the time of day.

But when ideas are at issue he is all attention, not so much to the person as to the subject; to anyone who shares an interest with him he can be generous beyond belief (as this writer has ample reason to know), in a way that can be a little frightening in its assumption that you know and care as much as he does. He will read your manuscript and annotate it minutely (like Christian Gauss annotating the galleys of *To the Finland Station*), in spite of what he says on that famous printed postal card he sends strangers who ask him to do their work for them. In his total dedication to getting ideas right there is a sort of defenselessness, a disregard for himself that goes a long way toward explaining his disregard for the feelings of those whose work he is discussing. His comments – almost always, apparently, to his surprise – reduce lady writers to tears and men to the eloquence of Ransom and Crane, whose angry letters he reprints in *The Shores of Light*, remarking – as if he were puzzled but determined to be fair – that his review of them "was not very well received by some of the poets discussed."

This awkwardness in the routine conduct of life is the absent-mindedness of a man wholly devoted to his calling, who is (the phrase is Dwight MacDonald's) "never off duty." That duty is neither the scholar's nor the critic's (a title he detests), though he has the "unusual intellect and formidable tenacity of character" of the good ones. He has never wanted merely to understand the world; he has wanted to change it – by an act of the intelligence. Matthew Josephson says he picketed the State House during the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation; if so, it is his only recorded demonstration (he never liked sports, never learned to drive a car, though he grew up in the golden age of athletics and automobiles).

Writing has been his form of action, and everything he has written has been part of his search for the intellectual attitude that would permit him to save himself and the America he loves so much that he has hardly had a good word to say for the country since his America went underground somewhere around Talcottville, New York, during his boyhood. Like some Puritan Matthew Arnold, he has always thought of the intellectual as a prophet on whose uses of intelligence depend both the quality of our society and its freedom from the dangerous fanaticism of uncontrolled passions. How powerful are the passions he himself has to control is evident in *Memoirs of Hecate County*, where the devils that pursue him and his society squeak and gibber and that pitiful doppelganger, Ducky (Bunny) Flick, practices his purposeless magic. He is like the Dr. Johnson he is often compared to, not because Dr. Johnson was the Great Cham (which he wasn't), but because Johnson was the man who said of *Othello*, "I am glad to have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured." Like Johnson's, his dogmatism is a product of moral passion, not of ego, and he produces on every subject he touches what Mary McCarthy once called "the authorized version," not from a will to dominate but from a need to save by giving rational order to his own and his society's impulses. He argues like a neo-classic critic or a psychoanalyst or a student of comparative literature, but his motive is always a deeply felt moral purpose.

Nowhere is that motive clearer than in *Patriotic Gore*. He feels the value of the personal experiences he describes that "[dramatize] the war as poet or writer of fiction has never been able to," and he means to let them speak for themselves. But what they are to speak is the awful lesson of war's demoralization of reason in America's moment of supreme danger. He makes that quite clear in his introduction. After first describing current American foreign policy as unfavorably as possible (at the same time persuading himself that "I am not here making a moral criticism of the course of our foreign policy"), he tells us that "Now is the time to think what we are doing, because, as soon as war gets started, few people do any more thinking. . . . The unanimity of men at war is . . . like a sky-darkening flight of grasshoppers, which . . . will descend to consume the crops." *Patriotic Gore* is, as is *To the Finland Station*, the Old Testament's kind of history written by a citizen of a republic conceived in an age of reason.

Between the ages of twenty-six and forty-six he fought the demons of that republic largely in the pages of *The New Republic*, until he became convinced that the magazine had become an agent for the British Foreign Office (one of the worst of the demons). The significant thing about this decision is not the political judgment it involved but the almost Puritan dread of the enemy's evil. During these twenty years Wilson wrote over 350 essays and reviews for *The New Republic*, and every one of them is a part of a single enterprise, a journey of exploration toward the shores of light, during which he refused to dwell on – though he was well aware of – the possibility that, like some pale Master on his spar-strewn deck, he was

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"standing for some false impossible shore." (The title of *The Shores of Light* comes from a poem Wilson wrote for Edna Millay after she had sailed for Europe: "My stubborn heart to-night / Divines the fate of souls who have not died, / Buried in sullen shadows underground – / That reach forever toward the shores of light.")

During the twenties, week after week, he reminded his society of how often it failed to live up to the promise of American life, of how, for all their immense power, men like Carnegie, Gary, Schwab, Morgan, and the Rockefellers "impress us . . . as rather surprisingly clownish, since . . . [they] have no dignified aims and, except in a debased sense, no honor." These men knew only "the seriousness of business about things that were not serious"; under their rule, "the state became identified with Business [and] ideas were shot down on sight." It had not been so in the 1870s, when Americans like his grandparents in Talcottville "were still living on the culture and believing in the social ideals which had survived from the founding of the republic."

Precisely because he cared so much to see American society brought back to their level, he was equally severe with writers who filled their fiction with "symbols of the national character" without first-hand knowledge of it: "even a corpse," as he said of one such character, "should be human." By ignoring the everyday life of their times on the grounds that ordinary Americans were all boobs, such writers disabled themselves for dramatizing the life of their society and became nothing more than "comic monologuists, sentimental songsters, and performers of one-act melodramas" – an "all-star literary vaudeville." "Does it really constitute a career," he asks, "for a man to do nothing but write lyric poetry?" Evidently not if what you are looking for is an image of your society "experienced and criticized by a man of first-rate intelligence who [is] living in the thick of it." That is exactly what Wilson was trying to do, studying the popular theater and Minsky's burlesque, urging on Matthew Josephson the native surrealism of the Marx Brothers, asking the disciples of Child and Kittredge to investigate the ballad in Harlem, New Orleans, and Memphis (was he the first to point out to the academic community ballads like Bessie Smith's *Careless Love*?) and

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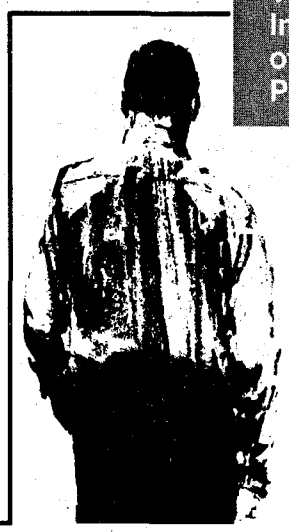

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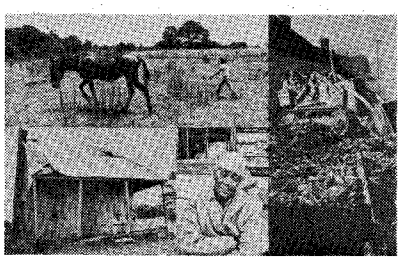

THE SOUTH AND THE NATION

By PAT WATTERS

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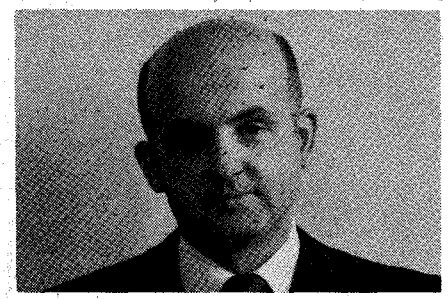
even listening attentively to the "jazz" of Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez. Shortly past the middle of the '30s he got it all into an essay called "A Preface to Persius" in which he describes picking up on the way to an Italian speakeasy a copy of a 1797 edition of Persius with a preface by William Drummond. As he eats a dinner "in the richness and balance of whose composition I could still see the standards of a civilization based on something more comfortably human than commercial and industrial interests," he reads Drummond, thinking that:

> Some of the logic, some of the elegance, some of the moderate and equable opinion which seemed to be the qualities . . . of this preface to an ancient classic had gone into the announcement of our national policies and the construction of our constitution. But . . . I had been reading in the paper that day of . . . an assault by the state constabulary on a meeting of Italian miners; men clubbed insensible, children gassed; old people beaten, a nursing woman knocked down.

Then, catching a glimpse of E. E. Cummings – "a cultivated fellow and a good writer" – he thinks that Cummings can do no more for such a world than Persius could do for his; and for himself, a Drummond born into a bad time, "there was nothing to do save to work with the dead for allies, and at odds with the ignorance of most of the living, that that edifice, so many times begun, so discouragingly reduced to ruins, might yet stand as the headquarters of humanity!"

In the thirties, as in the twenties, the first thing he asks about any writer is how good he is at his job; and it would be comic if it were not so serious (for now as well as then) to see how frequently he insists on the commonsense view that "the life of middle-class America, even under capitalism and even in a city like New York, is not so unattractive" as writers like Dos Passos and John Howard Lawson would have it. He shares Dos Passos' "conviction that there is something lacking, something wrong, in America"; he had thought so for years. But he knows that when an artist otherwise as good as Dos Passos "allows his bias so to falsify his picture of life" as he does, there is "some stubborn sentimentalism at the bottom of the whole thing, some deeply buried streak of hysteria." (He finds T. S. Eliot's position "as much academic . . . as much lacking in plausibility.") And there he remained throughout that shaken decade, sympathizing with both radical and conservative objections to the trashy qualities of American culture and the brutalities of American society without losing his sense of the promise of the old American way of life. With a reasonableness that anyone old enough to remember that time knows was like a release from nightmare, he exposed both the glib Marxist clichés of Mike Gold's reading of Thornton Wilder and the New-Humanist prejudices behind Irving Babbitt's misreading of *Antigone*. If the Marxian analysis of society was to be used to any purpose, he thought, "American radicals and progressives" would have to take Communism away from the Communists and use it to make a world in which the old republican values could once again exist.

From start to finish, then, Edmund Wilson has been an Old Humanist whose distinction it has been never to avoid the challenge of his times and never to lose his way. "To follow his early life" in the pages of *The New Republic* is, as he himself said of another man, "to be stirred as one can always be stirred by the struggle of a superior man to emerge from the commonplaces, the ignominies and the pains of the common life, to make for himself a position and a livelihood among his less able fellows at the same time that he learns to perfect himself in the pursuit of his chosen work."



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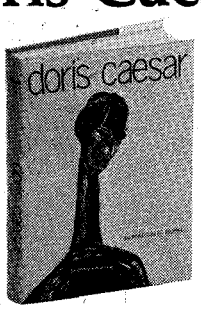

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Kenneth Burke: Swift Now? Swift Then

Jonathan Swift: A Critical Introduction by Denis Donoghue

(Cambridge University Press; $7.50)

Denis Donoghue (Professor of Modern English and American Literature, at University College, Dublin) patiently makes it clear that "Swift Our Contemporary is merely a fraction of Jonathan Swift 1667-1745." The "sense of life" that "is operative in his work" is hard to locate "in contemporary attitudes." In Swift's perspective, at the top there was "the God enunciated by the Anglican religion and sustained by Tory politics," the equivalent of which was "an appeal to the landed class, rather than to the moneyed men, the City." When reading Swift with the vatically terrifying close of Pope's *Dunciad* in mind, one continually glimpses the pressure of the coming

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turn in literary fashion. The constraint that Swift was forever trying to impose upon himself was but a microcosm of the constraint that (in his hatred of "Enthusiasm" and all its squirming brood) he would if possible have imposed upon the rebellious course of history (the literary analogue of which could perhaps be summed up in the turn from "wit" to "imagination" as key term). In keeping with his inhibitory attitude, which in his poetry came to a focus in the strict formalism of rhymed (tetrameter or pentameter) couplets, "Swift made up for constraint by training himself to live with it; as he would deal with misery by reducing his desires." He was in principle under the wholly un-Amurrican sign of one who would try to cut down his expenses rather than increase his income.

The delightful aspect of the present book, as literary criticism, resides in Donoghue's constant return, by various routes, to a discussion of what blows are struck, or blocked, or dodged, or followed up, and how, in Swift's endless stratagems to make the world "poor but honest." The result is an expert presentation of the profuse inventiveness that enlivens Swift's stylistic tactics. For instance, in contrast with much contemporary writing which tries to get "power" by the wearisome overdoing of a few four-letter words, think of the passage where, satirically adumbrating the key analogies of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, Swift calls "Religion a Cloak, Honesty a Pair of Shoes, worn out in the Dirt, Self-Love a Surtout, Vanity a Shirt, and Conscience a Pair of Breeches, which, tho' a Cover for Lewdness as well as Nastiness, is easily slipt down for the Service of both."

"To begin with," Donoghue "would propose Swift as a master of the Negative."

> If Swift were God, he would declare himself through the Decalogue, the series of Thou-Shalt-Nots; and persist thereafter in silence. As it is, he builds his great work from the resources of negation, featuring as his characteristic gestures the imagery of veto, voiding, riddance, cleansing, deletion, and the like.

In keeping with his somewhat metonymic trick of translating "spiritual conditions" into terms of physical analogues, he "gets rid of sin and evil by treating them as excrement," a stylistic resource that could become a kind of psychologic subterfuge, permitting by negation "an acceptance of what is repressed" (Donoghue is here quoting Freud). But the aptitude for such ingenuities also has its risks:

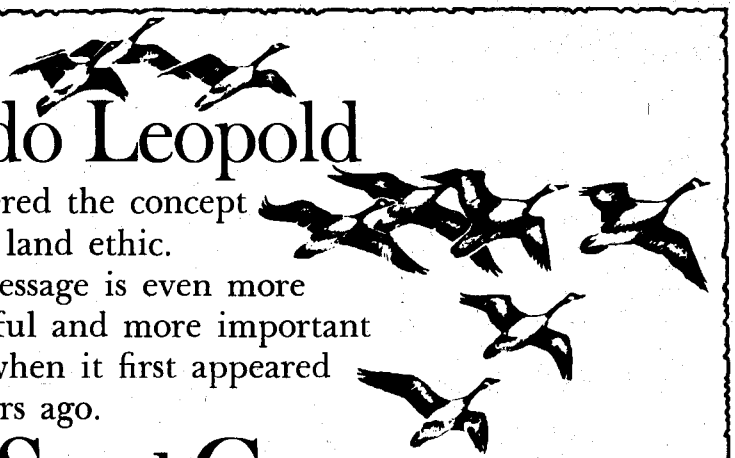
> Unofficially, then, Swift could admit into his consciousness anything and everything that insisted on coming his way; while officially he would rid himself of it, or some of it, as the Yahoos employed their excrement, by discharging it on their enemies. As long as this magic worked, he could live, if not happily at least productively. The horror of his last years is that his mind was unable totally to rid itself of excremental experience.

Perhaps, despite himself, and despite his hatred of all human pride, part of his trouble had its roots in a devious course whereby Pride had crept up on him unnoticed. For Donoghue goes on to say, "In those years, he thought of himself, 'my blood soured, my spirits sunk, fighting with Beasts like St. Paul, not at Ephesus, but in Ireland.'" Perhaps Swift was yielding here to what Donoghue, in another connection, calls "threat by imagery."

Be that as it may, these are the trying days when one must leave it for the salesmen of business and run-down religion to "accentuate the positive." The welter of our technologic powers, coupled with their burdensome "side-effects," calls for a corresponding profusion of *negativity*, at least as regards the criminally or stupidly wasteful ways of living that are *absolutely necessary*, if our current modes of production and distribution are to be kept going.

Donoghue gives us telling glimpses of respects in which Swift's battles against the world-without are dangerously paralleled by battles-within ("deep in the dreadful unconscious"). But he seems almost as reluctant as Swift himself would have been, to venture upon speculations as to just what, or what all, such a fate-laden ambiguity might eventually involve, so far as personal motives are concerned.

Thus, on the subject of "perspective," he considers at some length the effect of microscope and telescope "upon the English literary imagination." With regard to what Gulliver refers to as a "pocket-perspective,"



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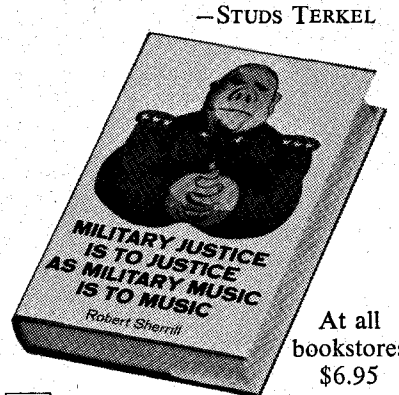

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Donoghue says: "Looking through one end, Gulliver saw the Brobdingnagians; through the other, the Lilliputians." But though he proves his point (and all the more so when he quotes ungentlemanly verses on "Celia's magnifying Glass" and its gross reflections when she is squeezing blackheads, specifically called "Worms"), I doubt whether we should stop at this point. For there were fabulous tales of giants and pygmies long before the telescope was invented. To me they suggest an origin in such disproportions as a child must feel in contrast with "Brobdingnagian" adults, or on the other hand with "Lilliputian" insects and small animals. Neither microscope nor telescope quite shows us a Yahoo at one end and a Houyhnhnm at the other, though I could understand such a virtuous horse as an idealized mother-symbol. Incidentally, Donoghue himself remarks that "the Brobdingnagians are to Gulliver in their country as Gulliver is to a weasel in England." And elsewhere he says, "The King of Brobdingnag makes fun of 'human grandeur,' which 'could be mimicked by such diminutive Insects' as Gulliver." Such observations would also fit well with Freud's notions about dream-surrogates for children.

Donoghue might justly say that the attempt to track down such possibilities would, at best, belong in another book. What interests Donoghue is the expressed, not the hidden Swift, and particularly his literary tactics. The first chapter, "One Lash the More," is concerned among other things with the distinction between such a figure as Gulliver and the kind of character we expect of such works as the Jamesian novel. In the second, on "Perspective," while stressing the stylistic resourcefulness of perspective, pressure, irony, discontinuity, parody, comparison, contrast, and burlesque, Donoghue also makes it clear how such devices tie in with Swift's beliefs and limitations. The third chapter, on "Body, Soul, Spirit," discusses his tricks of reduction, as when taking literally what is offered metaphorically. Thus, if the Aeolists say that "the

Hot Weekend Sun in Rhode Island, Etc.

Thoughts shimmer. This Rhode Island beach groans of a past forsaken,
Pilgrims and the like, flights from oppression,
While the radio insists I'm of the pepsi-generation.

The heat quakes over the sand, the sand, the sea shakes,
A boy stands with his girl so as to make your heart ache,
Perfectly still, frozen, gazing toward another continent
(Resurrecting Bobby and Liz Browning on Brittany's bitter coast,
But neither young, tis a moment neither knew),
Suddenly chases her at ocean's edge, catches her,
Red bikini and green yellow blue orange mauve jams join,
tanfastic bodies embrace,
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine," and so forth, so on,
Here today, gone tomorra, hot dawg.
Once Matt Arnold beseeched, "Ah love, let us be true to one another,"
While Bobby B. lamented, "Ah love, but a day and the world is changed."
But this is *New* England, the U.S.A.,
Where the Puritans those swingers came, yeah yeah,
Not Brittany, doo-wah, nor Dover Beach, doo-wah, doo-wah:
Those Puritans, bulwarkish men, no hanky-panky for them.

Brain swarms in the sun
Tries to reorder, reachieve,
But the boy races the girl rockadaisically up the seascape
Redisordering this foolish attempt herculean
Here in R. I., Rog's old pad
Where the good citizens refresh after a workaday week
Life is much more fun when you're refreshed
Dilly dilly
Something we've got by heart.

JOHN HUMMA

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Original Cause of all things" is Wind, Swift proceeds accordingly, by equating eloquence, belching, religious enthusiasm, breaking wind, and inspiration. Similarly, there are endless possibilities of parody, "given that 'spirit' can be construed as ghost, vapour, soul, breath, air, wind, distilled liquor, and many fugitive things." And again, where the ostensible aim of Inspirational artifices in religion is "to scale the height of spirit," Swift proceeds to imply that their real aim is "to achieve an orgasm." Donoghue also notes how, in order to score, the possibility of Swift's "vexing the world often led him beyond the strict boundary of belief or disbelief."

Then comes a long chapter on "Words" that demonstrates how exacting the tie-up can be between a sense of stylistic propriety and the sense of commitment to a certain position in religion and politics. One could never find a more puzzling tangle of pride and revulsion against pride. There is something both grand and fearsome in Donoghue's remarks on Swift's attitude: "A man is known by the company he keeps and, with equal justice, by the propriety of his style. Swift once told Lord Orrery that he refused to sign a Report until 'the words *Mobb* and *behave* were alter'd to *Rabble* and *behaved themselves.*'" But when one critic objected to Swift's style as "somewhat hard and dry," Donoghue reminds us that "to Swift 'hard' and 'dry' are terms of praise."

The next chapter, "The Lame Beggar," gives us what we had been waiting for all this time: a discussion of *Gulliver's Travels*, plus relevant references to other works and authors. It's a marvelous field to work in – and Donoghue does delightfully by it, though perhaps no one will ever get to the bottom of this book (by an author who, as Donoghue points out, was almost brutal in the perhaps fear-ridden attempt to keep from going below the surface).

The last chapter, "The Sin of Wit," treats of Swift's poetry. Precisely here, where love should enter, it does. Yet how perversely, as Swift's belief in the body gets entangled with imagery of the body's ills and secretions. Reading Donoghue on Swift in love I am reminded: I knew a woman who knew another woman; and this second woman told me what the first woman had told her about a certain man; namely: "I loved him unbearably. I idealized him. And the only way I could keep from him was by always making myself think of him as in the act of defecation." Her strenuous imaginings worked. Thereby, having successfully repressed her adulterous love, she remained a loyal wife, up to the time when her husband divorced her, and married his private secretary.

Similarly, several of Swift's poems are eager to plague themselves by visions of a lovely woman sitting on the can, or otherwise burdened with body-bathos. It may have some devious bearing upon the gnarled satirist's enigmatic relations to his Stella.

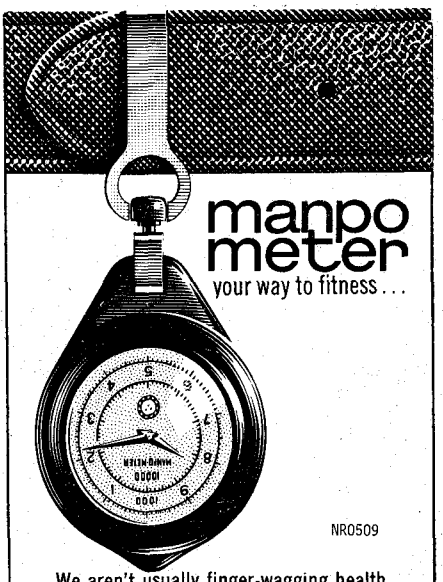
Jonathan Yardley: The Last Good One?

Losing Battles by Eudora Welty

(Random House; $7.95)

Possibly the most foolish thing Eudora Welty ever did was write *The Ponder Heart*. Published sixteen years ago, that charming (*too* charming?) little tale won her fame, probably a modest fortune, a long run on Broadway when the adaptation appeared, a legion of women's-book-club admirers, and a severe case of misinterpretation. That the disease will be cured by *Losing Battles*, a milestone in her career if not her best book, is problematical; but it ought to be.

The trouble with Eudora Welty is that she is a Southerner, a woman, and she can twang your heartstrings like a Union Grove fiddler. The consequence is that she is dismissed or accepted,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according to your point of view, as a regionalist whose view does not extend beyond the first hill, as a "woman's writer," and as a teller of simple, sentimental tales, some of them vaguely elusive but all of them quite within the mental reach of the Wednesday Lecture Club. Her very name conspires against her; like that of another equally misunderstood Southerner, Calder Willingham, "Eudora Welty" somehow has the ring of contrivance, or self-parody, of the Old South risen again.

The truth is of course a good deal more complicated, as is Eudora Welty. The South is certainly important to her work, but as is the case with any great regionalist, ultimately it is merely a convenient device for the exploration of themes which are anything but regional; she uses the Mississippi hills and delta as Bernard Malamud uses the New York ghetto stores and apartments. Her femininity only enriches her work, especially her marvellous portraits of men; and her spinsterhood adds yet another complicating dimension. The facade of simplicity with which most of her work is coated is a ruse, for underneath it are extraordinary depth, range and deliberate ambiguity. The sheer variety of her work is quite stunning. Unlike Faulkner, who usually mined one vein, she has explored a broad range of subjects and styles. She has roamed from the enchanting fantasy of *The Robber Bridegroom* to the harsh realism of "Powerhouse" (vastly overrated, I have always thought); from London and the decks of a transatlantic liner to the rich Mississippi lowlands of *Delta Wedding* and the hard Mississippi hills of *Losing Battles;* from the warm nostalgia of *The Ponder Heart* to the deftly bitter hometown social commentary of "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies." It is quite impossible to read such stories as "A Wide Net" and "Death of a Travelling Salesman" and dismiss her as a giddy regional sentimentalist. The stories are wonderfully light and gentle and touching, but there is nothing soft about them. Thematically they are complex – sometimes incredibly difficult – and varied; each is essentially about love, yet each is embroidered with other themes which achieve equal validity and meaning. Reading her best work, one peels off layer after layer of mood and meaning, each more subtle and more difficult to find than its predecessor. Miss Welty's use of simile may be unparalleled in contemporary American fiction, for its wry/sly humor and inventiveness and quiet grace, each simile

Some Words From The Author

Okay, so that's how it goes—
We are
born.
We survive.
We grow old.
We meet—
we part . . .
What for?
The future
and the past.
Colossal events.
Things the size of a pea.
The bad
and the good.
What for?
Binges
and toil.
Christenings
and abortions.
Reed flutes
and trombones.
What for?
In satin and in dacron.
As slaves
or as lords.
Sitting in theaters
and in latrines.
What for?
Libels
and ballades.
Morons
and prodigies.
Pygmies
and atlantes.
What for?
Hustlers
and matrons.
In the ring
and on the throne.
As sentinel
or lookout guy.
What for?
Here—the idols,
there—the masses.
Cannon fodder.
The distance to the human heart
is just as far as Mars.
What for?
Sitting over sour cabbage soup.
Or elegant lamprey.
Fitted out with shopping bags
or monocles.
Contented
or depressed.
What for?
Gorillas in the bleachers,
in bazaars
and in corridas.
You are bawling?
You are burning?
What for?
By chance
or by intent?
For your uncle?
For the people?
For continuation
of the species?
What for?

ROBERT ROZHDESTVENSKIY
Translated by Elisavietta Ritchie and Vadim Medish

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a quick flash of the sharpest vision (from *Losing Battles:* "An old Ford coupe, that looked for the moment like a black teakettle boiling over and being carried quick off the stove, crossed the yard"). Her symbols are at once obvious and subtle; you are made aware that they are there, you need no Annotated Version to find them, yet you are never pounded over the head with them. And there are moments when her prose is ethereal in its perfection, so that you tingle because every word is right. A moment in *Losing Battles,* when the young wife greets her ebullient husband home from the pen, is incomparable:

> They divided and there stood Gloria. Her hair came down in a big puff as far as her shoulders, where it broke into curls all of which would move when she did, smelling of Fairy soap. Across her forehead it hung in fine hooks, cinnamon-colored, like the stamen in a Dainty Bess rose. As though small bells had been hung without permission on her shoulders, hips, breasts, even elbows, tinkling only just out of ears' range, she stepped the length of the porch to meet him.

For a greeting such as that, so rich in magic and mystery, any man would gladly suffer Parchman Prison.

Losing Battles occupies an important but somewhat ambiguous place in the body of Miss Welty's work. It is by far her longest work, some 150 pages longer than *Delta Wedding,* and by that very fact assumes the air of Major Statement. Though it explores Miss Welty's customary themes with her customary skill, its motivating impulse seems to be not theme but nostalgia; in that respect, and others as well, it rather resembles *The Reivers,* though I hasten to deny any suggestion that it is derivative. Intriguingly, it is the other half of the coin of *Delta Wedding,* a novel to which it bears only passing resemblance yet with which it is symbiotic; for if *Delta Wedding* is the story of the wealthy downstate family into which Troy Flavin marries, *Losing Battles* is the story of the upstate hill country from which he comes. Add to those two novels *The Ponder Heart,* and we have a trilogy which could be called "Eudora Welty's Mississippi."

The framework of *Losing Battles* is the 90th birthday of Granny Vaughn, which becomes the occasion for a reunion of her huge and boisterous clan. The novel is rich in quick, hilarious incidents (Miss Welty proves that her humor can be rambunctious as well as wry/sly), in surprises, and in tall tales that would do honor to Sut Lovingood or William Faulkner; but its plot is negligible. It is basically a description of a ritual, a celebration of the idea and fact of family. (Interestingly the central characters are not the members of the family but those who are outside it trying to change it.) She manages subtly to establish the family as a symbolic microcosm of the whole human community, and yet to demonstrate its cruelties and narrowmindedness. In a country and a region which have romanticized "family," and at a time when the institution is either changing or disintegrating, she simultaneously celebrates it and notes its decline. There is a scene in which the women of the family subject an orphan who may be an illegitimate relative to harmless but harrowing horrors: "A melony hand forced warm, seed-filled hunks into Gloria's sagging mouth. 'Why, you're just in the bosom of your family,' somebody's voice cried softly as if in condolence." She is no sentimentalist.

Thus, though the celebration of the dignity and strength of the family is earnest, it is also tinged with irony, as in the book's title.

Losing Battles is indeed about people doing precisely that: Miss Julia losing her battle to educate the people of Banner, Gloria losing her battle to escape the family's clutches, the family losing its battle against the eroding land, all varieties of little battles being lost along with the larger ones. Yet defeat is not at all what *Losing Battles* is about. It is rather a book about victory, about survival:

> The tree looked a veteran of all the old blows, a survivor. Old wounds on the main trunk had healed leaving scars as big as tubs or wagon wheels, and where the big lower branches had thrust out, layer under layer of living bark had split on the main trunk in a bloom of splinters, of a red nearly animal-like.
>
> "Too late to pull it up now," said Granny, looking from one face to another, all around the table.

The passage is quintessential Welty. Simple, gently humorous on its face, upon closer inspection it reveals unsuspected depths: the theme of pure survival, and its dignity, established; the rootedness of both the tree and the

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family – "too late" to pull up either – quietly emphasized; and the sense of family, the communion around the table, again heightened. Such subtlety and care are the work of genius.

There is an important difference, though I fear it will be widely ignored, between Miss Welty's concept of "survival" and Faulkner's of "endurance." Faulkner's was a stolid sort of thing, a stubborn plodding, noble in an elemental way but hardly as dramatic or as forceful as Faulkner imagined it to be. Miss Welty's is a battle against great odds, a battle in which there is exuberance to be found and which itself assumes a very clear dignity. "I haven't spent a lifetime fighting my battle to give up now," Miss Julia writes to Judge Moody. "I'm ready for all they send me. There's a measure of enjoyment in it." It may well be that this good-humored acceptance of the struggle is a more meaningful affirmation than anything Faulkner gave us; it is hard to think of a thought more affirmative, more appreciative of the human condition, than this: a victory is gained if one engages himself fully in the battle, even if he "loses" the battle. A phrase recurs in Miss Welty's work: "coming through." It is the coming through that counts.

When we have sufficient perspective to make oracular judgments, we may well decide that *Losing Battles* occupies, paradoxically, a less important place in Eudora Welty's fiction than it does in Southern fiction. The novel is very good, but it is too long and a trifle out of focus. I would send the uninitiated to the short stories first because a handful are among the best in our literature; to *The Robber Bridegroom* second, because it is a very nearly perfect romance; and to *Delta Wedding* third, because it is her best long work. *Losing Battles* falls into the middle of the list – though one must remember how uncommonly distinguished the entire list is. But within the context of Southern fiction, *Losing Battles* is quite another matter. If I am correct in guessing that it is a work motivated in large measure by nostalgia, then it is a nostalgia not merely for a lost South but for a lost Southern literature. Undoubtedly someone will come along to prove me wrong, but I suspect that *Losing Battles* is the last "Southern novel" – or should I say the last good one. There is nothing self-consciously or affectedly Southern about it, yet in mood, setting and central concerns it is very much in the tradition that began when Faulkner sat down to write *Sartoris*. That tradition is now four decades old, and dying an early death. The reason is very simple: the essential ingredient of the tradition is reverence for and understanding of the past, but young Southerners no longer have a past that has anything *unique* to teach. Eudora Welty's generation is the last to know intimately the Southern land before the highways and quick-food joints took over, to know the Southern myth before it grew stale, to know the Southern family before it disintegrated. When Eudora Welty writes about yesterday's South she does so naturally and easily, because it is her South. Yet most of the young Southern writers are producing fiction that is pallid and imitative and contrived, more "Southern" than a truckload of hominy. The explanation, again, is simple: they are trying to create, or recreate, a world that is *not* theirs – a world they know only through the writers they have read and now unconsciously ape. "The woods are full of regional writers," Flannery O'Connor wrote, "and it is the great horror of every serious Southern writer that he will become one of them." Now it is in style.

But if "the Southern tradition in literature" is falling into decline, what better way to kiss it off than with a big, funny, intricate and moving novel by Eudora Welty? By way of tribute to her and to this novel, nothing could be more fit than the words she wrote a year ago, for *Shenandoah*, to honor Jane Austen and her six novels:

> Great comic masterpieces that they are, their roots are nourished at the primary sources. Far from denying the emotions their power, she employs them to excellent advantage. Nothing of human feeling has been diminished; its intensity is all at her command. But the effect of the whole is still that of proportions kept, symmetry maintained, and the classical form honored – indeed celebrated. And we are still within the balustrades of comedy.

Monster Poem

Larger than what I am used to thinking of as life
And uglier, it stomps up out of the lake
(Which is beautiful) trailing from its clamped jaws
As from a half-packed valise, torn water-flowers.
Seeing me, it narrows its small eyes, snorts gigantically,
Swings its antlers down, charges, then
Veers, and crashes off among the dark trees
Which are beautiful. My heart pounds.
Mountains ring the scene.

And walking among high fields once
In Vermont, I stopped, my heart pounding,
When there rose close to me on heavy wings
A bird bigger than birds are.
It labored off through the shaking light
To disappear among trees.
I do not remember a cry.

Up from the open lakes,
Up from the gold fields
They rise, the monsters.
I could not have invented them.
I think and think about the trees.

EDWARD WEISMILLER

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Lionel Tiger: Mom Culture

Everyone Was Brave: The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America by William O'Neill

(Quadrangle Books; $7.95)

Attachment and Loss: Volume I: Attachment by John Bowlby

(Basic Books; $10.00)

Of the tasks left to members of mechanized and bureaucratized societies, raising children is the most labor-intensive and the one that takes longest. This fact connects these two books. William O'Neill's historical study wants to account for the failure so far of feminist movements in America; John Bowlby's report on two decades of outstanding child research comes infallibly to recommend mothering for two or three years of infancy and childhood.

O'Neill has turned his mastery of a wide range of historical sources into a lively, engaging, and almost faultlessly sensible book; in doing so he has had to indicate with reluctance and even some despair the extent of political ineffectiveness and intellectual wrongheadedness of much feminist effort to redefine reality and change society. Similarly Bowlby, though a prominent Freudian, has been stuck with indicating certain limits of possibility in social practice surrounding family life, beyond which damage to human beings may result from efforts at reconstruction.

All this obviously has bearing on the eventfully significant, confusing, confused, and burgeoning feminist activity around us. Feminism recently has become a goldmine for the media and an amphetamine for the (very) nervous systems of post-anti-racist middle-class women seeking legitimate sources for their dissatisfaction which they, like virtually everybody else in this time of broken premises, are having to withstand. If current efforts are successful, female power will lead to more change, more public acrimony and private agony than black power. Feminists who claim that the entire routine of our structures and social patterns must change to accommodate their various demands, are entirely correct. For a start, blacks are only about ten percent of the population, while women are about fifty-two. Even communities without some pressing problem involving an identifiable minority group are half female and will soon have, if they haven't already, a "women's problem."

Bowlby's book deals primarily with the biological aspects of the matter. Yet, though his study is broadly scientific and non-partisan, his argument and findings touch crucially upon politics by presenting infants as voters and framers of non-negotiable demands. In a nutshell, babies must have behavior of particular kinds given them, just as they require particular foods. In other primates, infants are literally on their mothers' bodies nearly all the time for a number of months; in many human communities too, babies are carried around by their mothers for a year or so, and are in any event in constant proximity to a relatively large number of other infants, children, and interested adults. Yet, in the Euro-American scheme of things, babies often are made to lie alone in cribs for long periods, and there is a small suburban-cottage-industry of speculation about whether or not babies are "spoiled" by being picked up, being around too many people, getting too much attention. Bowlby sees the attention-problem as similar to that facing people deciding how much food babies should have; by and large, with some treatable exceptions, babies appear to eat as much as they should and, if given the opportunity, an adequate variety as well. The same is true

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with behavior:

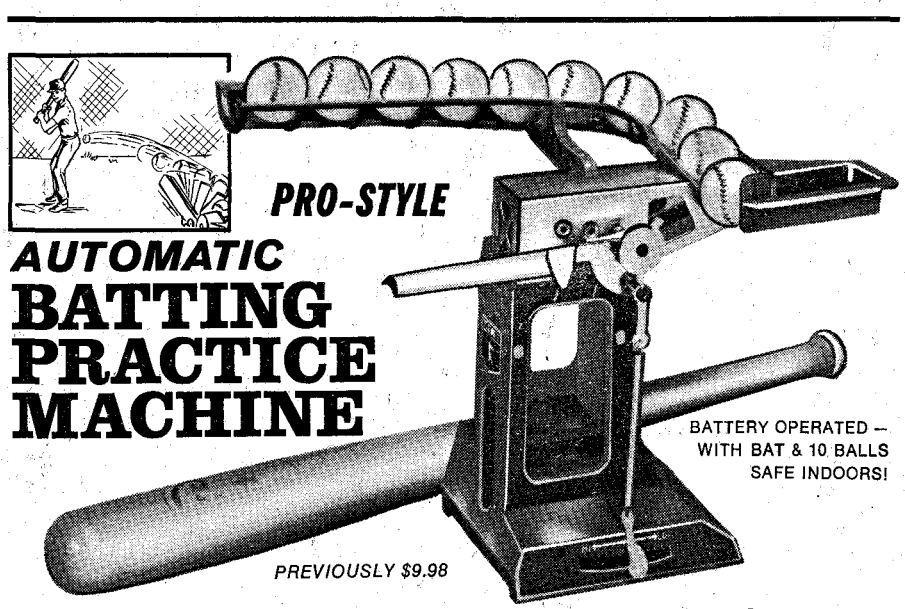
> "In an ordinary family in which a mother is caring for her child, no harm comes to him when she gives him as much of her presence and attention as he seems to want. . . . In regard to mothering . . . a child seems to be made so that, if at first permitted to decide, he can satisfactorily regulate his own intake. Only after he reaches school years may there be occasion for gentle discouragement."

Throughout this careful and conscientious study, Bowlby emphasizes the simple fact that babies are really very powerful in influencing matters in their own interest, and that they are "programmed" to do so in healthy and (for them) provident ways. For example, the smile – which some learning-theoretical obscurantists still think is acquired, even though blind kids smile like everybody else – is a natural evolution in the infant's social repertoire; it's a way of offering positive feedback to mothers at that point – about six to ten weeks – when many of the hormonal factors stimulating mothering have run down. The baby's cries, its coos, its extraordinarily appealing eye-crinkles and twists of apparent pleasure, are very effective social compensations for its physical helplessness.

But there has to be a mother or mother-figure on which to turn this tiny armory of sweet weapons. This is the upshot of all the evidence about children reared in orphanages, foster homes, or other places where bespoke mothering is unusual or unlikely. Bowlby concludes that babies are programmed to specify the objects of their affection, though they are perfectly willing and able to widen this circle of warmth to include some subsidiary figures. By and large there is strong reason to believe that babies are much better off in their first two years of life, when they've got a consistent and predictable mother or motherer.

Bowlby's approach is through the construction of a sophisticated and refreshingly useful ethological theory of the stimulation and adjustment of animal and human behavior, and he focusses on infants and mothers. O'Neill's is down-to-earth, equable, compassionately sceptical. Yes, it is marvelous and courageous that American women got the vote, but what has this done for the basic political structure of the country? and why are there still only a handful of important female public figures? – the ratio has not exceeded .8 percent throughout fifty years. It was indeed a triumph that women effectively lobbied for the passage of legislation affecting women; yet it is also perplexing that some other prominent women thought this discriminatory and were hostile to this thrust of policy. "By 1936 it was possible for John Dorn Ross to sum up the results of woman suffrage in terms that require little modification today. . . . Women had overthrown no bosses, had established (few) independent power bases. Women bureaucrats were no better than men – though less corruptible. The vote had not made women mannish . . . rather their new responsibilities have brought out only the undesirable traits that women have always had, that is, fussiness, primness, bossiness, and the tendency to make unnecessary enemies. They did not trust each other as candidates. They have not come up with any useful new political ideas. As voters they tended to be excessively moralistic and intolerant. Only about half as many women as men registered to vote, and when they did, they voted as their husbands did." Etc., etc. An even more dire set of charges can be brandished at males, but that is not the real political point – which is that the effort of women as a group to get into politics failed, unlike the efforts of blacks, Jews, the Irish, or whichever particular group in this country or most others wanted some direct and visible influence on political processes.

O'Neil concludes by hoping, along with every other civilized person, that genuine sexual equality will emerge, and that this may lead to equal sharing of tasks and privileges. But this ignores the possibility that there may be differences between the sexes in ways of social participation, and that assimilating these differences into the same system may happen only among public figures boasting inventive compassion and sensitivity; a quick look round the present lot is not encouraging. More important, it is not clear whether the feminists' constituency – that is, all women – wants such changes in the forms that are envisaged. For example, most voting women have children, and while they may approve efforts to reduce women's problems in the job market, they may be loath to accept the more extreme feminists, who look (unrealistically) forward to test-tube babies and the replacement of family life by daycare centers. Daycare involving an extension downward of that very public school system which appalls many women as much as sexual inequity? Tax deductions for housekeepers? So that middle-class women can profitably employ working-



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class women to care for their children? The extended family? So that women can turn their children over to and live their lives with just those mothers and aunts whose feminine values they apparently so earnestly disparage?

It is easy to be pejorative about such ventures in social planning. Yet the feminist movement has failed in too many large respects for too long for the basic notion to go unquestioned. Perhaps the ground rules must be changed. Perhaps it would be a better bet to take a diametrically opposite tack from the present one, and to search for programs expressing women's general *differences* from men. For example, why should the legal work week for women with children (or men for that matter) not involve two days or three days or one hour or six, and still carry all full-time privileges? Why not a two-year leave of absence with guaranteed employment and no loss of seniority for women having children? Why not something like what men veterans get: retraining opportunities and educational support for women returning to the labor force? Why should students have to write examinations when they are experiencing premenstrual tension, when we know they do some 14 percent less well under these circumstances than others. Should we consider a quota system to expand women's formal role in public life?

A lot of work has to go on and much of it among precisely those men whom some feminists impractically reject as allies. Women with children are doing an extraordinary if increasingly less socially-valued thing; and many do think it's socially valuable as well as personally essential. Here is the political reality out of which changes must come. Also the fact that people are marrying younger and younger and more and more means that marriage is more important than it was, not less, and as much a political reality. Nearly all people have domestic lives; they live at home; that home they make with work, care, ambiguity and finally out of need. It's critical to see these truths, if the freedoms available in living at home are to be extended. In this central enterprise, it is useful to learn from the past – which O'Neill's book helps us do. If we do not, then we may have to puzzle about the future, which Bowlby's book forces us to do – inasmuch as the careers of boys, and girls, start very young indeed.

Edward S. Herman: Not as Advertised

The American Corporation: Its Power, Its Money, Its Politics by Richard J. Barber

(Dutton; $7.95)

This book is well packaged, and I suspect that many people who buy it are going to be surprised at its contents. Despite its subtitle it provides only the most superficial coverage of the power, money and politics of American business. The book is a series of brief and inconclusive essays on topics of interest to Barber, some of which are only tenuously related to the corporation (The Economic Prospect, Higher Education, The Scientific Explosion).

The perspective of *The American Corporation* is also surprising, given the jacket puffs by Senator Proxmire and Ralph Nader, and chapter headings such as "The Corporate Goliaths," "The Industrial Octopi," and the like. There is a strand of liberal populism running through the book, but it is unsustained and compromised and leads Barber to no definite policy conclusions. In fact, Barber devotes almost as much attention to the "challenges and opportunities" facing businessmen as he allocates to the social implications of economic change. Thus, in a typical passage, business power in the pricing process "poses serious problems both to the economy and to the corporation itself. . . . To what extent, for instance, should a company refrain from raising its prices because this might contribute to inflation?"

This vacillation in focus is apparent even in Barber's discussion of the evolving coalition between business and government. He argues that the old hostility between government and business (a misleading historical quarter-truth, incidentally) has been replaced by a new alliance that "threaten[s] to coalesce in a way that could be antithetical to democracy itself." This sounds pretty serious, but Barber offers no analysis and makes no forecasts of future developments along this line, and he suggests no ways to forestall them. In fact, he ends his chapter by pointing to the beneficient possibilities of this coalition:

> "As business and government substitute their new coalition for their old suspicion and hostility, its greatest potential for development, and problems, will come as the partners join forces to cope with civilian problems – education, housing, medical care, job training – which historically have been regarded as being within the exclusive province of government."

At best Barber's vacillation weakens his conclusions (typically his discussions fade away with phrases such as: "New reactions and new policies are necessary to cope with the challenges of the new business universe"). At worst, as in his chapter on "The Economic Prospect," the vacillation leads him into a pathetic quasi-marketing survey of the future prospects of American business. Thus in spite of the spreading "Industrial Octopi" and the evolving coalition of business and government that may threaten democracy itself, Barber tells us with the greatest Panglossian confidence, and without the slightest suggestion of the possibility of any intervening institutional change, what the wonderful world of 2000 will look like with its GNP of $2.7 trillion and "vast new opportunities for the American business community."

The American Corporation hits a low point in its treatment of "The Internationalization of Business." The jacket blurb contains a statement by Ralph Nader that "Richard J. Barber believes that democracy and human welfare are imperiled by such massive, unchecked corporate states like GM, Standard Oil, Unilever, ITT and IBM. Nineteenth century politics cannot handle twenty-first century corporate power.

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Barber tells us to get with it and close the gap." I find it hard to believe that Nader read this book very closely. (It is also somewhat amusing to find Nader lending himself to what I would call a mild deception of the book-buying public!) My own summary of Barber's position would be that "What's good for the large international corporation (like GM) is good for the world." He describes these global giants as truly internationalizing the world, impeded only by politically imposed barriers like tariffs, customs unions, restrictions on investments, and the like. He goes to great pains to demonstrate that the giants are not tied in any fundamenal way to their home governments, a relationship which would compromise their "internationality." Their internationality, however, requires his "evolving coalition" of business and government to stop at national borders.

Barber does not suggest that home governments do not support the international giants in their external pursuits; he merely asserts that business leads and governments follow. Apart from the fact that this lead-lag hypothesis is invalid, it is curious that he should find in government follow-up support disproof of a primary national link. Nonetheless, the hypothesis does permit him to proceed, however illogically, on the supposition that the international giants are really international, and therefore to ignore the threat that their coalition with their home governments may pose to weaker foreign entities.

Barber's perspective here can hardly be described as internationalist, except in a Ruskian sense. He devotes considerable attention to the huge foreign markets as yet untapped by American enterprise, and he assumes the validity of a pure free trade case well geared to the competitive position and interests of the larger American businesses. They have the capital and know-how; if less developed countries "are to 'take-off' economically they must work out mutually acceptable arrangements with capitalists who manage the industrial empires . . ." (The experience of Japan, among other nations, contradicts this formula, but Barber does not stop to consider specific cases.) He adds that these capitalists and the leaders of developing countries "have been able to devise ways – quite unorthodox at times – that enable them to work together for their mutual advantage."

No question of imbalance of power here, although Barber had made some isolated genuflections earlier to "Oligopoly Around the World" (these may have fooled Nader). No question of political manipulations or assaults by the advanced powers. Nor is there any suggestion that some degree of "distance," or allowance for socio-political change incompatible with the interests of the international corporations, may be essential to sustained growth by the poorer countries. (See, e.g., David Felix, "Economic Development: Take-Offs Into Unsustained Growth," *Social Research*, Summer 1969.) Barber's international corporations operate in a world of economic harmonies distorted only by "national laws and national policies at a time when business has shrugged off its national robes and put on new supranational trappings." Barber's feeble call for "novel systems of law and distinctive institutions," all unspecified, may seem to Ralph Nader a call to "get with it and close the gap," but to me it seems a counterpart to a sustained defense of the developing pattern of "Oligopoly Around the World."

The book is a major disappointment, full of rhetorical flourishes, but superficial, devoid of any kind of analysis, and inconsistent in fundamental focus. It is populism gone sour.

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Music

Questions about Sessions

Roger Sessions (Harvard, '15) was selected to give the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at his old university for the academic year (if that is the term I want) 1968-69. At the time he was finishing his talks, the life of the school was disrupted by massive campus disorders, and Sessions finished his series with no thanks to the SDS. The results make up the contents of an expensive little book, *Questions about Music* (Harvard; $5.95).

The Norton lectureship was supposed to be a chair in poetry, and the incumbent changes every year. About thirty years ago, somebody got the idea of giving it occasionally to a composer instead of a poet. As a result, we have books by Stravinsky, Hindemith, Copland and Chavez that would not have come into being otherwise, and one of them – Hindemith's *A Composer's World* – is a major source of dialectic for a point of view about music.

It is most fitting that the fifth in the series should be Roger Sessions. Throughout his career Sessions has been identified (whether he likes it or not, but I think he likes it) with the cerebral aspect of music. There is some question as to whether music in the 20th Century is a Liberal Art in the sense it was when St. Thomas Aquinas was going to school; but in the sense that it is, an institution of learning can be expected automatically to engage a highbrow to talk about it. So much the better if he is also a distinguished alumnus.

In the years immediately following the death of Bela Bartok, there was an international change of trend so sudden that hardly any composers with established reputations were prepared for it. The direction was towards music which, whatever forms it took or is now taking, did not lend itself to conventional analysis. Even Schoenberg himself, who had been writing this kind of music since around 1910, was not prepared for the new trend and did not live long enough to see it become dominant. Of the Americans of

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his generation, Sessions alone was not taken by surprise.

Sessions himself was the only American composer of his stature who had written perceptively (this was in 1944) about the *musical* side of Arnold Schoenberg's music. At that time, almost everybody who was interested in the stuff at all was interested only in the technique of composition. In a letter composed in his German brand of English, Schoenberg wrote to Sessions:

> I want to mention what I consider of the greatest value for a possible appreciation of my music: that you say one must listen to it in the same manner as to every other kind of music, forget the theories, the twelve-tone method, the dissonances, etc. and, I would add, if possible the author.

When Sessions was receiving his training in America, his principal teachers – Ernest Bloch and Edward Burlingame Hill – were untouched by the radicalism of Central European music of the period. Evidently, this was not true of the young Sessions:

> The greatest shock . . . I have ever felt – and by "shock" I do not mean a necessarily disagreeable, but rather dramatic experience – came during my sophomore year at Harvard, when at the age of fifteen I was confronted with the music of Arnold Schoenberg for the first time. It is many years since I have heard any music that has seemed to me difficult to anything like the same degree. . . .

Now Sessions would have been fifteen years old in 1912, and though Schoenberg had already written the first five of those works which later became famous as the foundation of the Modern Viennese School, it is hard to imagine which of them was in print by then, whether Sessions heard it performed or found it in score, whether he went to Europe and heard one of the far-out pieces there, or whether it was some earlier piece that so rattled the lad. Anyway, he set up a life posture which has, so far, done him nothing but good professionally.

Sessions is not inclined to any kind of dogmatism, and is tolerant of the "new," whatever that is, within the limitations imposed only by his own taste and judgment. Because of this he became, by the forties, the teacher of composition who most naturally drew the responsible fledging radical composers to himself. And he took an appointment to the Juilliard faculty as a teacher of composition in 1965, when most men of his age would have been thinking of retiring from teaching.

Most of the young people – now middle-aged men – who fell under Sessions' influence a quarter of a century ago have remained relatively unknown to the general public; but during this period, there has been a tendency for art-music to go underground, to exist within the confines of an academic environment. The best-known Sessions pupils are, probably, Milton Babbitt, Ross Lee Finney and Leon Kirchner, but there are many others almost as influential. It is as if Sessions had founded an artistic dynasty, the one which more than any other dominates the responsible Left in American music, much as the pupils of Olivier Messiaen run things in Europe.

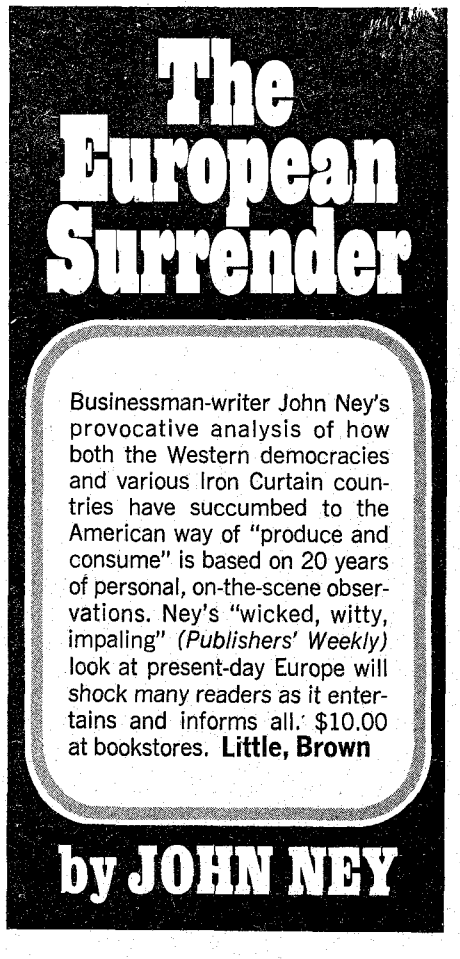
As for Sessions' own position in this dynasty, it is nowhere near as secure as it once seemed, and many of the youngest composers—those in their early twenties – see him not as a grandfather figure, but merely as another cop-out from a remote generation of cop-outs.

This judgment, which I got from the lips of a graduate student at Princeton, is unfair and unjust, but it is not entirely without foundation. A long time ago, Sessions stopped growing in the sense of changing, expanding and altering his technique. Because of this, his mature works do resemble each other. So do the mature works of Brahms. But this does not make them as alike as peas in a pod, nor does it mean that when you've heard one, you've heard them all.

It is Sessions' misfortune, however, to have lived through a period when the materials of radical music changed so enormously, principally due to the development and imitation of electronic sounds, that the basic stuff of his music is no longer of much interest to the people best equipped to admire it. The question of whether a composer is "tonal" or "atonal," for instance, is not one that musicians ask anymore, as they constantly did in the forties and fifties. A whole body of music has come into being to which neither term applies. Tonal ambiguity is an essential part of Sessions' musical language, and to impatient youngsters, this is just a bit old-fashioned. Sessions has always extended the greatest tolerance towards the young; at present he is having some difficulty getting it back.

As for his own style: it is not a compelling one. The critic William Austin has pointed out that Sessions is really not much interested in style. You do not find the stamp of originality in him that you find in, say, Chopin – or, for that matter, Copland. The most conspicuous feature of his music is that it is congested. You sometimes get the feeling that if it were pruned – not cut in order to make it shorter, but merely thinned out to make it less dense – the design would be clearer. As it is, it is an intellectual's music. Superficial engagement with it is not enough.

All of this background is reflected in Sessions' *Questions about Music*. The essays bound together here are disappointing in that they are not unified by any clear theme and do not follow each other in any but the most arbitrary order. At best, they are glittering streams of perceptions and aphorisms on every aspect of composing, performing, and judging music. At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worst, they are disorganized and disfigured by the professional wheezing that can make his music forbidding.

The real subject, if there is one, is Sessions himself. These are the observations of a man who, however vigorous in old age, has reached a point in his career when he needs to have a long look at the past and a glance at the future:

> I doubt whether the fundamental attitudes of composers have changed very much . . . The artist of integrity, I am convinced, always creates as he does because it is his overriding imperative to do so. The composer makes his music because music – like Mount Everest – is there and because it involves him deeply.

Are all these platitudes necessary? I suppose so. A man whose active career has been, in the main, a commitment to the new, must feel an urge to assert his allegiance, if he can, to an older tradition, to the long line. I can't imagine that Hindemith or Vaughan Williams would have felt compelled to say these things, or that John Cage would care to. Again:

> I am convinced that music of genuine force and substance . . . is being created by young composers on both sides of the Atlantic . . . The fact that a far larger amount of music written today has little real interest, that its failings and shortcomings can be diagnosed under a variety of headings, ranging from the academic to fraudulent, is not in any sense peculiar to our time. It has always been so . . .

Yes, Lord. Even if we are spawning a generation of vipers who have no respect for the accomplishments of an aging and gifted man, this show is going to go on:

> . . . One can outline some of the possible phases experienced in listening to a new, unfamiliar, or difficult piece of music. One's first impression may be a quite negative one; the music may seem opaque, chaotic, crabbed, dissonant; one may be tempted to suspect the composer of a deliberate attempt to mislead or baffle, of perversity, incompetence, pure cerebration, or any number of other shortcomings. Actually, the chances are reasonably slight that such shortcomings could possibly reveal themselves so quickly, unless to a very experienced professional ear. But if we keep our ears open and willing, and listen attentively . . . the music will become familiar to us and will present no more problems to us than does any music with which we are quite familiar.

The artist replies to his critics. Though never the center of scandal or raging controversy, Sessions, all of his life, has had to put up with the complaint that his music is difficult. Be patient, he says. Listen to it again:

> . . . I am convinced that the performer is an essential element in the whole musical picture.

Obvious? Not at all. The phonograph could make performers obsolete; electronic tape could make composers who write for performers obsolete. So, Sessions meets the machine and concludes that:

> . . . One cannot keep on listening to the same mechanically registered performance without becoming aware, and eventually tiring, of the same nuances, the same gestures, mechanically repeated over and over again.

For people who like to compose electronic music:

> . . . At no time have I felt that such considerations as I have raised implied any logical basis for rejecting the electronic medium as such . . .

But, for himself,

> It is the *quality and character of the musical gesture* that constitutes the essence of the music, the essential goal of the performer's endeavor. . . . [Sessions' italics.]

Thus the advantage of live performers over recordings.

Much as Sessions' music is available only to a closed-circuit audience, his book will be forbidding to the general reader. With a little more editing, it could have been made into a much more attractive volume. In this form, its principal value is as a document of the questions interesting or tormenting a musician of Sessions' age, stripe and accomplishment at this critical point in music history.

Robert Evett

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ARTHUR MIZENER *is Professor of English at Cornell University.* KENNETH BURKE's *criticism and poetry have been reissued by the University of California Press.* LIONEL TIGER, *Associate Professor of anthropology at Rutgers University, is the author of* Men in Groups *(Random House).* JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book review editor at the Greensboro Daily News.* ROBERT EVETT, *former literary editor of* The New Republic *and* The Atlantic, *is a composer.* EDWARD HERMAN *teaches Finance and Economics at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. Author of a novel and two collections of poems,* EDWARD WEISMILLER *is a Professor of English at the George Washington University. The poem by* ROBERT ROZHDESTVENSKIY *was part of a cycle of poems originally published in* Yunost' *(Youth), a Soviet Establishment publication.* JOHN HUMMA *is an Assistant Professor at Georgia Southern College where he teaches English.* SCOTT BATES *is editor of a new anthology of poems of war resistance, and teaches at the University of the South.*

Notable

Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984? by Andrei Amalrik

(Harper & Row; $4.95)

Here's something that should, but probably won't shake Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell: the Soviet Communist government shares their attitude toward young dissent. "The regime," writes this 32-year-old playwright and historian, "is not on the attack but on the defense. Its motto is: 'Don't touch us and we won't touch you.' Its aim: Let everything be as it was." Mr. Mitchell was recently reported to have growled at American reporters whose work he dislikes, "You lay off of us and we'll lay off of you." There it is, "us" and "you," the gap not just between generations but between the government and the governed. In both countries,

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the former think of themselves as "Us" and the latter think of them as "Them."

Of course in America Andrei Amalrik wouldn't be sentenced to two and a half years in Siberia for "parasitism." But he just conceivably might get five years for being a troublemaker. He was expelled from Moscow University "for political reasons" and here he might have been expelled from Berkeley, Harvard or Eastern Michigan University. Stalin would have had him shot, of course, but as he says, there's been more legality in the Soviet Union since Stalin died. How long it will last, he isn't prepared to say. He expects the standard of living to rise, but "the growth of material conveniences of everyday life and economic well-being does not in itself prevent or eliminate oppression," which "in each country has its own specific traits." *1984* may loom for others besides Russians. If "futurology" had existed in Imperial Rome, says Amalrik shrewdly, the ever-upward-and-onward school then prevailing would have confidently predicted skyscrapers and steam-engines within a hundred years, but "As we now know, in the sixth century goats were grazing in the Forum." Unlike Stalin's daughter, Amalrik isn't likely to flee Russia and start praising someone else's Establishment, he's too busy belting his own Establishment and, by implication, every one else's. Brave lad.

The Eve of Saint Venus by Anthony Burgess

(Norton; $4.95)

Burgess himself describes the book as a farce, and because it has a real goddess mixed in with pages of jokes it probably is. Yet it is high literary farce, and at the beginning it has just enough social toughness about it to seem like Congreve brought up to date. Then it dwindles to silliness. The course of true love does not run smooth because Venus falls for the bridegroom and a lesbian falls for the bride. Luckily the subsidiary characters – especially a lordly limey, Sir Benjamin, chewing out a servant girl ("you effluviam, you miasmal fog") and a Latin-muttering vicar evoking pagandom – display a marvelous sharpness of wit reminiscent of happier days for comedy. Not a new book except in the U.S. (written in 1950; published in England in 1964).

Imperial Sunset by Max Beloff

(Alfred A. Knopf; $8.95)

Social History of the British Overseas edited by Peter Quennell

(Atheneum; $12.50 per volume)

Before Britain vanishes into Europe some assessment of the empire on which the sun did set seems in order. Such summings up have been attempted, for instance by James Morris and Colin Cross, and doubtless there will be more. One of the most scholarly studies is Professor Beloff's, whose first volume takes the story down to 1921. What clearly emerges is that the price of empire was high; by the end of the nineteenth century, Britain was "the weary Titan" of Beloff's third chapter. Imperialism imposed a military burden the country was not able to carry. Delusions of military might were however fostered by American benevolence – Professor Beloff's phrase – and because the French were exhausted, the Russians in their usual muddle, the Germans not yet conscious of their strength, and the Portuguese and Spaniards extinct volcanoes as far as imperial rivalry was concerned. But by 1897, "Britain's rulers were conscious both of the loss of Britain's early lead in industrial strength, and of her consequent economic and political weakness in a world of competing great powers." Things worsened with the Boer War eye-opener, and the First World War unloosened the imperial shackles on India, and pointed toward the dependent "special relationship" with the United States.

Professor Beloff's first volume is full of scholarly meat. Idle readers may get more enjoyment if less intellectual nourishment from the anecdotal texts and sprightly illustrations (including beheadings) of the Peter Quennell series. So far there are five volumes – Middle East, Far East, Africa, India

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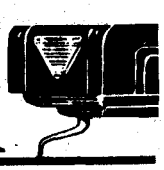

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and Latin America – each by a different author or authors. The British in their far-flung colonies put down piracy and slavery and set up clubs for drinking, yachting and other purposes. In these pages, Richard Burton is a famous nineteenth-century traveler, not Elizabeth's husband. Fascinating reading, but for political depth, Beloff's is the book.

The Siamese Twin Mystery by Ellery Queen

(Signet; 75¢)

Ellery Queen, who is really two characters named Dannay and Lee, is one of the most ponderous writers in the history of language; he admitted as much, recently, in *Look:* "Our early books were very badly written. In a sense we learned to write at the expense of the American public." In recognition of this ineptitude Signet has brought *The Siamese Twin Mystery* back from the Thirties (his *Chinese Orange Mystery* plus lord knows what else has been reissued simultaneously). Ellery, remember, is the son of blunt old Inspector Queen, and they go around to murders together, with Ellery spotting Rembrandts in corners and saying, like, "I tell you, dad, the more I see of this ominous establishment the less I like it," and the Inspector muttering, like, "El, I – I – did you see what I –." The Siamese tale is happily arranged so that murderer, victims, suspects and detectives dwell in the fear of cremation from forest fire throughout. The twins themselves are nice clean husky kids who say sir and drink gallons of milk but are " 'joined at the breastbone by a lig – lig –'

" 'ligature,' said Julian frowning."

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Correspondence

Nonsense Explosion (II)

Sirs:

Mr. Wattenberg's arguments exhibit an extremely trite pattern which is found among all conservative demographers who are now trying to rationalize their wildly off-base earlier pronouncements.

The first ploy is to talk about population *density*. When you do that you find the US has a modest 55 persons per square mile. The trouble, Mr. Wattenberg, is that people do not spread out evenly in our country and never will. You acknowledge that they will not build their homes up and down the sides of the Rockies, evenly across the Western deserts, etc. But where *will* they spread out to? Across our forest reserves, thus cutting down all our trees? Across our farm lands, which is what they have been doing, necessitating more and more intensive farming – using artificial fertilizers and tons of pesticides – on the diminishing farm land that is left? You seem to like suburbs, Mr. Wattenberg, but suburbs (Long Island is one example) are dug-up, paved-over farm land.

Next, great hope is based on a small decline in our *birth* rate. But as every demographer ought to know by now, it is the more rapid decline in our death rate that causes the population explosion. Moreover, as the "war babies" start having families – and as women stop using the unsafe Pill – we might be in for a disastrous population growth even in birth rates.

Another neat ploy is to criticize severely and shrilly the statisticians who say that the American population will go up 50 percent, or 100 million, by the year 2000. Mr. Wattenberg's article is no exception. He acknowledges that "the most likely projection" is that US population will increase by 75-85 million by the year 2000, but this is "not quite the round 'hundred million' figure everyone is talking about." Indeed it isn't, Mr. Wattenberg; you're quibbling about 15 million. And you may be quite wrong, as the Census Bureau has consistently been wrong in its consistent underestimations of American population growth throughout its history. The recent scare over the Pill, which you do not mention, might itself account for another 15 million. But even if you're right, and we "only" increase by 85 million, isn't this a cause for concern? Our air and water are so saturated by pollutants right now that even a 10 percent increase might be nature's breaking point. And yet you look with equanimity upon a population increase of 40 percent (but not "quite" 50 percent). If all these people increase our pollution by the same amount as the present population, how are we going to live in this environment?

You deny that people and pollution vary directly. You say that an additional 100 million people will provide a much higher tax base so that the government can pay for pollution control. I won't even spend more than a sentence on the ecologist's answer to this argument, that more money for more pollution technology will not solve the problem because it is *part* of the problem: our lakes, for instance, are polluted because of the *success* of sewage-treatment technology! Rather I want to ask where the additional 100 million people are going to get their incomes from – for I assume you will agree with me that people need incomes before they can pay taxes. Will they make their money by making products for sale to each other or to the rest of the world, thus vastly increasing our industrialization and pollution (for to compete price-wise with the rest of the world we have to accept, like Japan, low payments by industry for pollution control)? Or will they make their incomes by selling cars to each other? Or building houses for each other? Where will they get the trees for this? The cement? The steel? The capital investment? The only place is to extract it from a dangerously depleted environment. At the very best, an additional 100 million people *might* pay enough taxes to help control some of the pollutants that they themselves are responsible for, but clearly not, as Mr. Wattenberg suggests, help reduce our present pollution problem.

It never occurs to demographers such as Mr. Wattenberg that the earth cannot yield an infinite supply of the bricks and mortar, glass, asphalt, oil, electric power, etc., to keep sprouting all these absurd shopping centers. We can't go on extracting such materials from the earth, transforming them by the expenditure of vast amounts of power (and nuclear power, by the way, Mr. Wattenberg, may be the most serious hazard to our lives of all, with its concomitant emission into the en-

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vironment of radioactive gases, tritiated water, and the storage underground of radioactive solids in corrodable containers), and paving over farmland and destroying oxygen-producing plants in order to make room for them.

Demographers recently have tried to downgrade the ecology crisis by calling it made-to-order for President Nixon in order to hide the more basic problems of our society such as Vietnam, poverty, and injustice. In fact, Nixon didn't invent our ecological crisis. He may be swimming along with it right now in polluted waters, but soon he will see that he grabbed a tiger by the tail. Ecologists are linking defoliation to Vietnam, injustice to crowding and polluted cities, etc. The issues are not distinct. And they will redound to any politician's disadvantage unless he begins a program of action, not talk. The first action program will be to dismantle the vast military-industrial complex – and this will *only* happen if the public perceives a real environmental crisis. Poverty, war, and injustice never succeeded in stopping the military or moon-shots or ABMs; the environment just might.

Anthony D'Amato
Assistant Professor of Law
Northwestern University

The risk of an article like Wattenberg's is that since it contains some reasonable statements, the superimposed fallacies are likely to appeal to many readers. In essence, Wattenberg is suggesting that we keep our cool and do nothing about a crisis. The fact that the population problem has not been dealt with until it approached crisis proportions, does not lessen the existence of the crisis or change the fact that, owing to competing problems, legislators and others often do not take action until a desperate condition exists or is impending.

Perhaps the most patently absurd suggestion in Wattenberg's article is that ". . . *more people* can more easily and more quickly solve pollution problems than can fewer people"; that is, that a solution would be to increase the US population to 300 million so as to provide a tax base to pay "the huge, one-time capital costs of research" for an antipollution program. It seems obvious that the costs would not be "roughly the same for 200 or 300 million people," unless 100 million of these guarantee not to pollute; moreover, pollution in many forms is cumulative. The statement "If it is new towns near a babbling brook that Americans feel they want, . . . some patriot will no doubt step forward and provide same," suggests an unending supply of babbling brooks.

One of the many basic facts glossed over by Wattenberg is that resources are not unlimited, and that energy is required to utilize these resources in everyday living. The consumption of power in the US has been doubling every 10 years, as a *combined* result of the population increase (accounting for 20 percent) and the demand for more power per person. As a recent symposium (*Science*, January 9, pp. 159-160) the hard facts were brought out that "there are still no efficient devices for collecting sulfur on any large [coal burning] power plants now in operation"; that "all current power plants produce waste heat as more than 50 percent of their total power production"; and the projection that "by 1980 one-sixth of the freshwater runoff in the United States will be used to cool power plants," thereby heating the streams and contributing to destroy the ecological balance.

It does not seem likely that facts such as this, which I take as alarming, will be ameliorated by a doubling of the population in the next few decades. The supposition that pollution (and the accompanying depletion of resources) can be overcome by a huge tax-supported research effort alone (although this is urgently needed) is unacceptable. It should not be overlooked that the power industry itself has, under the profit stimulus, long sought ways to increase the efficiency of power production; and under pressure of public opinion, to minimize pollution. The alternative to coal, gas and oil burning, nuclear power, depends for its success upon the hoped-for development of breeder reactors, since it is forecast that without them the known reserves of "inexpensive" and medium-priced uranium fuel ores will be used up before the year 2000. The premise that "Whether oil resources are depleted in 2020 or 2040 or 2140 does not seem to be of critical importance" would, no doubt, have met with a chilly reception at a conference of experts attempting a realistic appraisal of the power requirements for the next few generations.

Chester W. Newton
Boulder, Colorado

I would like to quote from 1969 National Academy of Sciences report on *Resources and Man:*

"This study points to the need for better information on which to base an improved assessment, not only of the national resources of the nation and the earth, but also of the likely future demands on them and of their deeper social implications. Although no real physical *terra incognita* remains today, we have much to learn about what we have, how to estimate it and how to manage it in the best interests of man and nature. The Malthusian limits are more likely to be extended by recognizing their validity and doing something about them than by uninformed ridicule. We recommend below, therefore, some of the steps that should be taken by the United States to enhance the prospects of an ample world for all.

"If, in fulfillment of their rising expectations, all people are to be more than adequately nourished, effort must be made to stabilize populations at a world total much lower than 10 billion. Indeed it is our judgment that a human population less than the present one would offer the best hope for comfortable living for our descendants,

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long duration of the species, and the preservation of environmental quality."

The Committee recommended "that efforts to limit population increase in the nation and the world be intensified by whatever means are practicable, working towards a goal of zero rate of growth by the end of the century. Healthy and intelligent people are man's greatest resource. If limitations of population is not achieved at some reasonable level, moreover, food and other resources will surely be inadequate. With limitation of populations the objective can be shifted from combating starvation and want to the improvement of the human resources and its level of living. Although this recommendation is by no means novel, it emerges from our study, and particularly from Chapter 2, that population control is the absolute primary essential without which all other efforts are nullified. Our Department of State and of Health, Education and Welfare should adopt the goal of real population control both in North America and throughout the world. Ultimately this implies that the community and society as a whole, and not only the parents, must have a say about the number of children a couple may have. This will require profound modifications of current attitudes toward parenthood.

"To delay progress towards full self-regulation of population size is to play 'Russian roulette' with the future of Man."

Karl Sax
Media, Pa.

Educational quality, Wattenberg claims, "suffers if taxpayers aren't willing to pay for quality . . ." I wish the problem was that simple; it is not. The quality of American education generally has not kept pace with increasing numbers, not only because our investment in education is inadequate (which it is), but also because we have not restructured education fundamentally to meet changing needs and knowledge – even when the need is clearly seen and the relevant knowledge is available. Futher, our investment in discovering new knowledge on the subject is wholly inadequate – currently 0.2 percent of total educational expenditures.

Assuming, as even Wattenberg implies, that coping with our acknowledged problems entails that the public generally, and its leadership, be educated adequately to the task, the resolution of the environmental crisis – however we individually read its symptoms and dimensions – presupposes discovering how to educate broadly and effectively *and* doing so. We are not doing either. The result of our failure, from whatever causes, is that our problems are being compounded by *increasing numbers* of persons inadequately educated to face and resolve the problems through will and reason. That *is* an overpopulation problem.

Ted L. Cooper
Milwaukee, Wis.

In reply . . .

I have been somewhat surprised by the vigorous reaction to my article. The quantity of mail has been huge. *Life* magazine has commented upon it. It has been attacked on the Johnny Carson show. Women have called me, relieved to know that it is all right to have another child. And all I wanted to say is that the world is not coming to an end.

To get to the specifics of the criticism printed in these columns last week and this:

I am not a demographer. Accordingly, I would agree with Mr. Goddard of the University of Cincinnati that "the problems of population growth are much too serious to be left to demographers . . ."

Mr. Frank is concerned because "we consume a disproportionate share of the world's resources." I wonder if he would be prepared in Bolivia to tell Bolivians that we can help Bolivia best by not buying their tin, or in Ghana to tell the Ghanians that we can help them by not buying their cocoa or coffee, or in Indonesia to tell the Indonesians that we have no interest in purchasing oil – all this in order to aid the misguided poor people of the underdeveloped world.

Mr. Winn of San Fernando State College argues that one can't view the *American* population crisis by itself; it is, he says, a world problem. It *is* a world problem, and an exaggerated one. I spent some time recently in India and a prevailing current of thought seems to say that, alas, if India had a population of 250 million instead of 500 million, and if population were not rising, the poor fellow in rags sleeping on the streets of Calcutta would no longer suffer. In fact, not too many decades ago India did have a popula-

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tion of 250 million, it even had a roughly stable population, but the man in rags on the street of Calcutta was still there. I repeat what I said in my article: the major part of most human problems concerns what people *do*, not *how many* people there are.

Mr. Rooney asks whether we have the right to "spend the best resources of Canada, Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Middle East." Certainly. We spend their resources. They spend our resources. This is a process known as international trade, and I favor it.

Mr. Kirsch of Brooklyn College is concerned about food, and also feels it is a crime if we should reach a point where it is necessary for the US to import food. Why? Is it wrong for us to import Swiss watches? Is it wrong to export computers? Why must national entities in the world be absolutely self sufficient in all the necessities of life?

Mrs. Freimarck argues that my analysis of "constant defense costs" is inaccurate and claims that military expenses are rising faster than population. This doesn't work out when viewed this way: in 1960 the spending for national defense in the US consumed 50 percent of every federal tax dollar. In 1969, while the war in Viet Nam proceeded, spending for national defense consumed only 44 percent of Federal taxes. At the same time spending for health, labor, and welfare went up from 20 to 25 percent of the national budget.

Mr. Newton says that I am "suggesting that we keep our cool and do nothing about a crisis." That is not what I am suggesting. I am suggesting that we keep our cool because there is no crisis, or, actually, that we pay attention to real crises.

Mr. Sax quotes the National Academy of Sciences report on "Resources and Man," indicating a world population growth to 10 billion. This is conjecture. At least one eminent demographer, Donald Bogue, has estimated a stable world population in the vicinity of 5½ billion.

Mr. Cooper of the University of Wisconsin says that education in America must be restructured to meet changing needs and knowledge. I agree. I don't think that this will or will not happen as a function of the population growth rate. It may not happen if we go to a zero growth rate; it may happen even if we double our growth rate.

Mr. D'Amato says that it is a decline in the death rate that caused the population explosion. This is so. But in many parts of the world, including parts of the underdeveloped world, the death rate has bottomed out. Everyone dies sooner or later. On the other hand, birth rates are only now beginning to descend in many parts of the world.

Ben Wattenberg

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

his love almost as completely, and when he sees that he is ruining her life, driving her to sordid affairs in her helplessness, he goes pretty much out of his mind – a place he has been before.

O'Toole has to survive some coarse incidents, like a tumble among garbage cans and chamber pots to prove how low he has fallen. But from his first appearance, there is conviction that a very difficult note has been struck *exactly*, with subtlety and fire. Through all of this easily capsizable role, he balances pride and self-disgust, amusement and anguish. His voice is one of the best instruments among English-speaking actors, not big and boomy but delicately colored and strong. When the drunken brother tells the husband that the latter really hates them (the brother and sister) but is hooked on them, O'Toole charges the lines with the electricity and music of damnation. When he begins to go feral and shifty and suspects even his sister of conspiracy against him, his gaunt figure has a lone Byronic appeal. At the end he flees those who want to cart him off to an asylum, and his tearful sister finds him in their old hideaway in a barn; and when he turns to her in the dim light and speaks the words "I love you" for the first and probably last time, it is a moment of high pathetic beauty.

But it's all no use, I know. Not many people are concerned about acting, as such, any more. Worse, O'Toole's curse is that he is a romantic actor, in the largest art-sense of the phrase, caught in an age that has little use for that kind of romance. (Imagine talking about it the same week as a Godard review!) "It's a sort of time-thing," he says at one point, "I'm what's known as a hangover." It is a performance of an anachronistic character in what is perhaps becoming an anachronistic style, but it is splendid. *Will* anyone see it?

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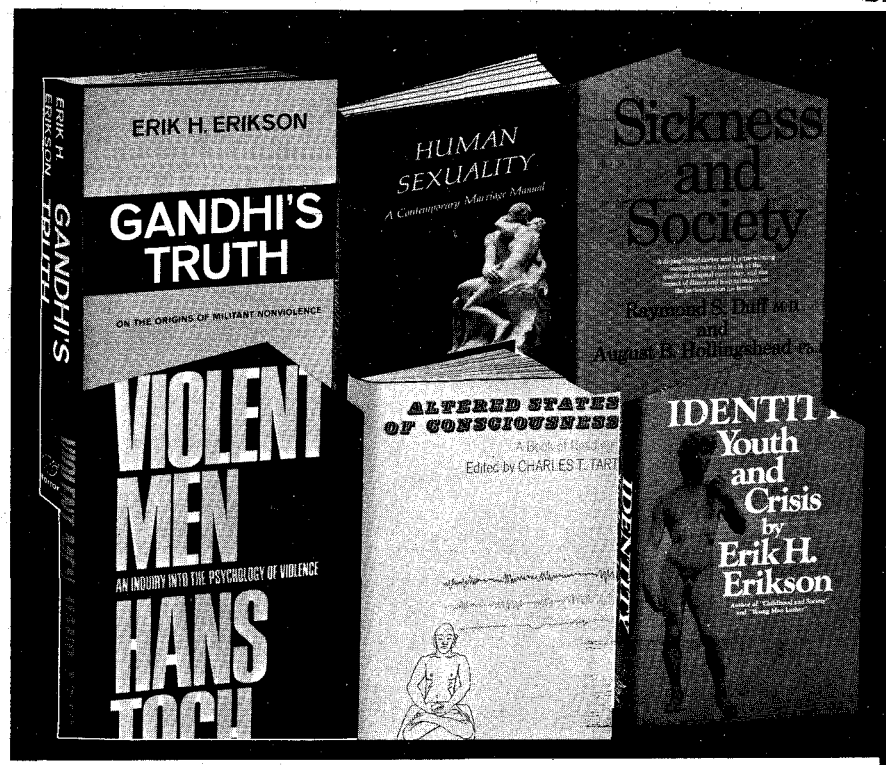

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